The Outlook

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George, King of the Hellenes

At Athens, on March 18, 1863, the National Assembly elected Prince William George of Denmark King of the Hellenes. Exactly fifty years to a day later, on March 18, 1913, at Salonika, he was slain by an insane man. During the early sixties Otto of Bavaria (the first King of Greece after the country had regained its independence), in his attempt to override the Constitution, had aroused the nation's enmity. It demanded that the King be deposed. He fled to Bavaria. A provisional government was set up. Then the National Assembly elected the Danish prince as their new King. And now followed for half a century the formative period of the new Greek nation. During the early part of this period the King was not particularly popular. How could he be? He was a foreigner from the cold North. He did not speak Greek. But even if he had been born in Greece, he could not have been popular during these years when the country was rent by internal dissensions. But he did become popular. His reign was marked by five notable events: first, the acquisition of the Ionian islands; second, the establishment of radical parliamentary procedure; third, the re-growth of Athens from a dirty village to a fine city; fourth, the union with Crete; and, lastly, the participation in the Balkan alliance, of which the present Greek Premier is commonly thought to be the chief moving spirit. But King George's greatest interest seemed to lie not so much in extending the bounds of his kingdom as in developing it agriculturally. To this end he had his large country place, Tatoi, twelve miles from Athens, laid out partly as a model farm, to furnish an object-lesson in scientific methods of agriculture. Every summer, after his "cure" at Aix-les-Bains, the King made excursions to various European capitals, where, despite the opinion of some that he was only "an amiable man of no great ability," he tactfully used to the advantage of Greece his family relationships and thus settled certain international issues in a quiet way. As the son of Christian IX, the brother of Frederick VII, and the uncle of Christian X of Denmark, King George was intimately connected with the Danish Court. He was connected with the Russian Court through his wife, who was the Grand Duchess Olga, the Czar's cousin, and through his sister, the Empress Dowager; with the British Court through his sister, the Queen Dowager, and his nephew, George V; and with the Norwegian Court through his nephew, Haakon VII, the son of the late King of Denmark, and through his niece, Queen Maud, the daughter of the Queen Dowager of England. King George was sixty-seven years old. He was a tall, well-built, soldierly-looking man, with long, sandy mustache tinged with gray and scant sandy hair. He was accustomed to walk about freely in the streets of Athens unaccompanied by guards. As was often said of him, in spirit as well as in title he was not King of Greece but King of the Hellenes, not the autocrat of the land but the chief magistrate of the people. He was both unassuming and sympathetic—as his friends in this country can testify, especially the professors and students who have been at the American School of Classical Studies at Athens. It seems the irony of fate that, after half a century of troubled reign, King George should die by an assassin's hand in the very hour of triumph over an ancient enemy, and when Greece was beginning to realize her dreams of empire.

Constantine, King or Emperor?

King George's eldest son, Constantine, Duke of Sparta, succeeds his father. The new King is forty-five years old. He comes to the throne on the crest of a wave of military glory, a striking contrast to his unpopularity after the war of 1897,

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when he was the leader of inferior, ill-equipped, and badly drilled troops, defeated practically every time they met the Turks. What a transformation now! Constantine has led a triumphant army from Athens to Salonika, and has captured that second city in Turkey. He has also captured Janina, which the Turks supposed impregnable. Whatever his former reputation, he is now thought to be every inch a soldier. He succeeded to the throne two days after the blessing in New York City, with elaborate ceremonies, of the sword to be presented to him by the Greeks in America in honor of his liberation from Turkish bonds of the Greeks dwelling in Macedonia and Albania. The sword is of Toledo steel with a Byzantine hilt in gold incrusted with precious stones, and cost several thousand dollars. And a Constantine succeeded to the throne on the very day of the commemoration of the edict of religious toleration issued by another Constantine sixteen centuries ago. In his popularity with the people the new King will have one great advantage over his father. Born in Greece, of course Constantine speaks Greek like a native. His wife, Sophia, the new Queen, is a daughter of the late Emperor Frederick of Germany and a sister of William II. The question arises, Will Constantine be King or Emperor? Will he be King Constantine or Emperor Constantine? For Greek success in the Balkan war means the extension of Greek countries which embrace much of the ancient territory of the Greek Empire of the East. The last Greek Emperor, and the last Christian sovereign of Constantinople, was a Constantine. In 1453 the Turks slew him and captured Constantinople. Why not now another Emperor Constantine? And some Greeks say that they also have the century-old tradition in mind that when a royal Constantine weds a royal Sophia, their son shall reign at Constantinople.

The Military Fever

Last week the military fever from which Europe has been suffering received something of a check, we are glad to say. In Germany the Government itself became alarmed at its own forwardness, as interpreted by Germany's next-door neighbors. Hence an explanation appeared in the official "North German Gazette." It declared that "when the intended strengthening of the German army is explained by supposed preparation relating to Germany and one or the other of her neighbors, such utterances must be repudiated, but that every one can see the altering of the balance of power in Europe because of the Balkan war; therefore, so long as eternal world peace is not guaranteed, Germany must realize that she may be forced to defend her frontiers, and must prepare for that eventuality." Thus the German Government represents its preparation for war as primarily defensive. But no matter what explanation may be made, the proposals to increase the German army have continued to alarm France and other countries. The adverse criticisms have increased both in number and quality, especially from the Socialists. But the most impressive criticism so far has come from about three hundred professors connected with the Paris Sorbonne and other institutions. They do not protest as "little Frenchmen," nor as pacifists-at-any-price. They do not want every one to lay down arms. They merely ask their countrymen to decide the question of armaments quietly and calmly and not under excitement. Their appeal will be heard, we hope, in other countries than France.

The French Cabinet Resigns

The French Cabinet has resigned. After the Senate had voted adversely on the Electoral Reform Bill to which the Government was committed, Premier Briand, wisely or unwisely, proposed that a vote of confidence in the Government be taken. The Government was defeated. Thus, as the despatches from Paris show, a dilemma unprecedented in the history of the Republic has presented itself as the result of Premier Briand's resignation after the Senate's adverse vote on the Electoral Reform Bill, for President Poincaré is now confronted with the difficult task of replacing M. Briand with a Prime Minister who, in addition to electoral reform, must be capable of carrying through a three years' military service bill. While it is possible that the electoral reform question may be held in abeyance, Frenchmen fail to see why the necessity of pushing through the army bills is lessened merely by a change of Ministry. This is true, but the difficulty of conciliating the opposition to the three years' service proposal is greater than ever. Then there is foreign opinion to be reckoned with; hence the Paris "Temps" adopts a pessimistic

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tone. It fears that foreign opinion, ignorant of the current intrigues which the electoral reform proposals released in French parliamentary life, will conclude that France is weakening when the moment has arrived to make sacrifices for the army. "The present Ministerial crisis," it says, "will probably bring us foreign difficulties. We shall overcome them, but it would have been better to avoid them. The Senate has given Europe the impression that the French Parliament is not acting seriously in a serious situation. It will be the first duty of the next Cabinet in the interests of France to dissipate this impression, and it will succeed only by placing the question of the national defense in the forefront of its programme." Fortunately for France, its new President is "a first-class fighting man." But Germany could help him greatly by removing the cause of the present revival of militarism in France.

The Six Power Loan to China

In a very clear statement, full of an admirable spirit of sympathy for the Chinese people, President Wilson has announced that the Government will not accept any responsibility for or exercise any authority in connection with what is known as the Six Power Loan to the Chinese Republic. Following this statement Messrs. J. P. Morgan & Co., who have been representing the American group of bankers in the negotiation of the Six Power Loan, have announced that they and their associates have withdrawn from the enterprise. They state that they took part in the Six Power Loan plan at the request of Mr. Taft's Administration in an endeavor to formulate a successful method of maintaining, if not extending, the open-door policy in China inaugurated by Secretary John Hay. Messrs. Morgan & Co. do not feel like undertaking the burden or responsibilities of a great international syndicate-loan to China unless they have the definite authority and support of the Government in doing so. President Wilson feels that our Government is not justified in taking an official or even a semi-official part in such a loan. The President criticises some of the conditions of the Six Power Loan, but his main objection is found in the following words:

> The responsibility on its [the Government's] part which would be implied in requesting the bankers to undertake the loan might conceivably go the length, in some unhappy contingency, of forcible interference in the financial and even the political affairs of that great Oriental state just now awakening to a consciousness of its power and of its obligations to its people. . . . The responsibility on the part of our Government implied in the encouragement of a loan thus secured and administered is plain enough, and is obnoxious to the principles upon which the Government of our people rests.

Some weeks ago, in commenting upon the Six Power Loan plan, we said that if the loan were properly made and administered by the six Powers engaged, namely, Russia, Germany, France, England, Japan, and the United States, it might prove to be one of the best agencies for preserving the political and national integrity of China. We pointed out, however, the fact that the so-called concert of the great Powers has rarely, if ever, produced harmony in international administration, and that the blame for the imposition of one of the worst burdens that China has to bear, the opium traffic, must be laid at the door of British financial interests. It is unfortunate that the President found it necessary to issue the pronouncement without consulting the acting head of the State Department, Mr. Huntington Wilson (who at once resigned), and without notifying the representatives of the Powers; but the pronouncement itself will, we think, meet with the general approval of the country. We hope that between its lines may be read the determination of the Administration to recognize the Chinese Republic. For, to quote a fine phrase from the President's statement, "the awakening of the people of China to a consciousness of their possibilities under a free government is the most significant if not the most momentous event of our generation. With this movement and aspiration the American people are in profound sympathy."

The New Counselor of the State Department

President Wilson has appointed John Bassett Moore, Professor of International Law and Diplomacy at Columbia University, Counselor to the Department of State. This is the second distinction to come to Professor Moore within recent weeks, as one of ex-President Taft's latest acts was to appoint him as one of our representatives on the panel of judges of the Permanent Tribunal of Arbitration at The Hague. Mr. Moore will succeed Mr. Chandler P. Anderson, who has been the energetic and efficient Counselor since the lamented death of Henry M.

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Hoyt. Mr. Moore, it is announced, will not leave Columbia University, but will receive a leave of absence for the term of his appointment. He is fifty-three years old. He is a native of Delaware. He is a graduate of the University of Virginia. In 1885 he became law clerk in the Department of State, and the next year was promoted to the Third Assistant Secretaryship of State. He held this position for five years. In 1898 he became Assistant Secretary of State for a short time. In the same year he was made Secretary and Counsel to the Spanish-American Peace Commission in Paris. Six years later he was our agent before the United States and Dominican Arbitration Tribunal. Again six years later he was a delegate to the American Conference at Buenos Aires. He filled these positions with distinction. Among students of international law, however, he is best known as the author of "A History and Digest of International Arbitration," "American Diplomacy," and "A Digest of International Law." He is one of the editors of the "Political Science Quarterly." It is said that Professor Moore's acceptance of his present post is with the understanding that in the absence of Secretary Bryan he shall be designated as Acting Secretary. We hope that this is true, but, be it as it may, the American people are to be congratulated on Professor Moore's appointment. This appointment and that of Second Assistant Secretary Adee should, we trust, insure a continuity, wherever possible, of the foreign policies which have stood the test of time.

Regulation is Justice

We have received from the Railway Business Association of New York City a leaflet entitled "What Regulation Taught One Regulator." This is an address which Mr. John B. Olmsted, of Buffalo, recently made on retiring from the Public Service Commission of the State. The very fact that this leaflet is being circulated by those who are actively engaged in the railway business is a significant indication of the fact that the railways and other public utility corporations are seeking to get into sympathetic relations with their customers, that is to say, the public. To understand his customers, to study their wants and to try to supply those wants in the way in which the customers desire, is one of the prime requisites of the successful business man. Everybody admits this in its application to the retail merchant. Twenty-five years ago the railway men of the country as a class did not understand this principle. They believed that they had a monopoly and that they could do all the business they desired on the "take it or leave it" basis. But we have often in these pages called attention to the fact that the "public be damned" generation of railway managers is passing away, and that the "public be pleased" generation is taking their places. Partly because the whole spirit of the country is changed with regard to the responsibilities of the business man to the community, and partly because the public has made the railways feel the power of its sovereignty through political action, the railway managers are taking the public into their confidence in a way which would have been considered quixotic and foolish not many years ago. We repeat that Mr. Olmsted's address is a significant one. In it he says that his views with regard to the public utility corporations have decidedly changed since he entered the Public Service Commission "with decided leanings towards the anti-corporation view of public utility questions." His view then was that most of the corporations are overcapitalized and are paying large amounts of dividends that are essentially unjust; that the corporation managers are grasping and high-handed; and that the function of the Public Service Commissioner is to protect a long-suffering public from the injustices which the corporation managers are eagerly waiting to inflict. His experience, he goes on to say, has modified this opinion. His view now is that the Public Service Commission is organized to administer justice both to the shippers and carriers, to the producers and consumers, and that justice to the people includes justice to the corporations, "which are made up of people just as a municipality is." Mr. Olmsted's statement is fair and reasonable and it needs frequent repetition, for there is some danger to-day that the corporations, especially the railways, may not always get the fair hearing from the public to which they are entitled. Mr. Olmsted's conclusion is encouraging to those who believe, as we certainly do, that steady progress is being made towards industrial and social betterment:

> I believe that in the past ten years a great change has come over the minds of men who are in the management of public utilities. There are still some left who cling to the old "public-be-damned" idea, but they are fast being supplanted, and the up-to-date railway or electric

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light official stands ready to listen to any reasonable complaint that may be brought to his attention, and, what is more to the point, to turn a deaf ear to proposals which call for abhorrent and forbidden methods in their accomplishment. I am not innocent enough to believe that all the dark, devious, and easy ways of "getting there" have been wholly abandoned; but I do hold the view that the street called "Straight" is a much more popular thoroughfare than it used to be, and that the directors and agents of the corporations over which we have control are walking it with much cleaner consciences and with great gain to their self-respect.

The Lesson of Little Falls

The changed attitude of the public utility corporations—the steam railways, electric railways, the gas and electric light companies, the telephone and telegraph companies—is due, as has been said in the foregoing paragraph, partly to the general growth of moral standards, but also in a very marked degree to the assertion of public authority exercised through the Inter-State Commerce Commission and the Public Service Commission in various States. The principle of Government regulation and control of public utility corporations which rest upon monopolies granted by the public is now thoroughly established and accepted by both the corporation managers and the Nation. One of the strongest elements of the platform of the Progressive party is found in the demand by that party that the principle of Government control and regulation shall be extended to all industrial corporations. That such Government control is essential is illustrated in a startling way by the report of the Labor Department of the State of New York regarding the conditions of labor in the textile industry which have led to a strike at Little Falls, New York, second only in its social importance to the great strike at Lawrence, Massachusetts. The strike began on October 9 last, and its immediate cause was like that at Lawrence—the reduction of wages to correspond with the reduction of the number of working hours per week from sixty to fifty-four. The State by statute had ordered this reduction, and the employees felt that the State did not intend that they should bear the financial burden of the reduction. One of the features of the strike was a period of great disorder during which Mayor Lunn, the Socialist Mayor of Syracuse, was arrested for speaking in defense of the strikers. The State Labor Department, as a result of its investigation, says that living conditions among the textile workers at Little Falls are thoroughly bad; most of the houses are old and without modern conveniences; in many cases food supplies are kept in sleeping-rooms; hygienic ventilation is almost unknown; overcrowding is the rule; leaky roofs make dry rooms impossible, and it is a common thing for cold winds and snow to come through the crevices in the walls. "Family privacy is a thing largely unknown to the textile workers of Little Falls. This cannot be credited to a low moral standard among these people, for physicians who visited them testify to a relatively high standard of morals." The Labor Department, however, frankly say that most of the textile workers living under these conditions come from the south of Europe, that many of them are ignorant, and that the conditions under which they live do not differ greatly from the conditions prevailing in the textile industries throughout the country. If this is so, it is, of course, a condemnation of the textile industry and not a defense of working conditions in Little Falls. The value of the Labor Department report as a source of information is increased, it seems to us, by the fact that it attempts neither to fix the blame nor to propose a remedy. It recommends a further investigation in these words:

> Nothing can be said on the strength of this limited investigation as to the responsibility for conditions found, whether of employers, workers, or society. It is impossible to say on the basis of this report whether higher wages could be paid in Little Falls, or to what extent low wages are due to the inefficiency of untrained and in many cases ignorant foreign workers. Neither is it possible to judge how far their standard of living could be raised by a better use of wages now received. Still less can anything be said as to remedies, consideration of which would demand most careful inquiry into many broad questions.

Can a reasonable man escape from the conclusion that there is needed an extension into the general field of industries of the principle of Government regulation now successfully applied over public utilities? Neither local health boards nor general statutes can cope with such a perplexing problem as that which the State Labor Department has found at Little Falls.

A Warning About Tuberculosis

All over the country the newspapers have been publishing reports concerning Dr. Friedrich Franz Friedmann. He has come to this country to demonstrate his

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treatment of tuberculosis. Though commonly called a serum, the preparation which he uses appears to be rather a vaccine. So far, however, nothing definite can be said about it, for the simple reason that Dr. Friedmann has so far been unwilling to give to the people, or even to the medical profession at large, a full explanation of the process by which he prepares this vaccine or serum, or tell exactly what the fluid which he injects into the patient consists of. The course that Dr. Friedmann has pursued since his arrival in this country has not been easy to understand. If he has a method of dealing with the bacillus of tuberculosis that is based on real scientific experimentation and has stood the test of use, it is natural to ask why he does not make known this scientific process and render a definite and accurate report as to the test. The medical officers of the United States Government and the members of the medical profession have certainly gone to the very limit of courtesy in countenancing the use of this unknown preparation upon patients. Perhaps the excited state of the public, or at least that portion of the public that has been demanding a trial of the preparation in the vague and almost passionate hope for a cure for this plague, has had a great deal to do in inducing physicians to bend, if not to break, all precedents by seeming to indorse the trial of a secret and unknown vaccine or anti-toxin. Reports about the progress of patients who have had the treatment have served to flood the stream of sufferers from tuberculosis who have been coming to New York in the hope of getting Dr. Friedmann's attention. Such reports are valueless. The story that half a dozen or half a hundred people who have had this fluid injected into them have felt better or have shown symptoms of improvement, even if based on fact, should raise no hopes. No definite conclusion can be reached without a long series of tests extending for months and probably for years. Temporary improvements in outward signs may be due merely to the stimulus of hope and the new faith in the possibility of recovery. That in itself may be of some service, but it has no bearing on the merits of the serum or vaccine. Dr. Friedmann himself has now issued a statement in which he expresses the wish "that the press of the country would warn patients not to come to New York." The warning cannot be too widely repeated or strongly emphasized.

A New-Old Russian Opera

Moussorgsky's "Boris Godunov" is the first pre-eminently Russian opera to be given at the Metropolitan Opera House, New York City. Not even Wagner's "Meistersinger" or Smetana's "Bartered Bride" is more distinctly national in feeling than the work of this composer. It has all the grim magnificence, the sordid splendor, of Moscow itself. Its spirit is the spirit that lives in somber folk song and wild dance rhythm. Like the philosophy of Nihilism, it speaks with the voice both of despair and revolution; revolution which, even while it sinks into anarchy, still retains a touch of the idealism that wills to struggle towards the light. The plot of the opera is founded upon a tragedy by the poet Pushkin. It deals with the story of Boris, Regent of Russia, who, after the death of Ivan the Terrible, murdered that Czar's younger brother, Dimitri, to keep the real power in his own capable and crafty hands. Boris ruled well and wisely for many years, until Nemesis, in the person of a renegade monk, who pretends to be the long-murdered heir, sends him, in remorse and madness, to his grave. Boris is a Russian Macbeth. The opera itself was composed in 1868, and had its first production in St. Petersburg in 1874. The work, as we have it, has been shortened and revised by Rimsky-Korsakov. In view of the fact that this opera was composed when Wagner's music had not as yet penetrated Russia at all, it must be regarded as a truly original performance. Despite all the evolution in music which has come since that day, it still remains unique both in matter and manner. "Crime and punishment" (as in Dostoievsky's novel of that name), and not love, is the theme. Against a background of folk-song melodies and Russian chorales stands the dark figure of Boris portrayed in music that fitly interprets his character and deeds. In the performance last week the barbarism and splendor of the music was accentuated by the costumes and stage pageantry.

Indian Music

Like the gold in the rocks, or the fertility dormant in the soil, most wealth is hidden. Miss Natalie Curtis is among those who have discovered and brought out the artistic riches, for generations practically unknown and unrecognized, in the Indian tribes of North America. Speaking last week in New York, at a lecture

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for the benefit of the Schola Cantorum endowment fund, she told of an army officer who had lived many years in the West and had known the Indians apparently well, and who scoffed at the idea that they had any music. "They are savages," said he, in substance, "without music, art, or religion." Miss Curtis sang some of the Indian songs, as she has often done before. Those who have heard Indians sing wonder at Miss Curtis's gift in catching the spirit of Indian song and in interpreting it to people who pride themselves on being civilized. As with all primitive peoples, the Indian makes no distinction between the secular and the sacred, between music and poetry, or between art and life. The songs that the Indian women sing when grinding their corn are a part alike of their industry and of their religion. The songs that the Indian hunter sings before he goes in pursuit of game are a part of his preparation for the hunt and a part, too, of his religion. The songs Miss Curtis sang were Hopi songs—songs of Pueblo Indians, so called because they live in pueblos or villages. Miss Curtis has long studied Indian music and particularly the music of the Hopis. She knows it not only by heart, but, if the locution may be used, by soul. One of the songs she sang, the Hopi lullaby or cradle-song—it may be so called if it is remembered that the Hopi baby's cradle is usually on his mother's back—has the quality of haunting melodiousness and reposefulness that makes one entirely ready to believe the Indian mother who told Miss Curtis that no Hopi baby who hears it can stay awake. Fortunately, there have been people, both men and women, who have studied Indian music and who are recovering and recording it for future generations. They have written Indian melodies down on paper and recorded them on phonographs. There are many theories about Indian music. According to some, the Indians have a keen sense of hearing that enables them to distinguish and use minute differences in tones such as the civilized ear cannot easily become accustomed to. Others, among them the late Frederick R. Burton, composer and student of music, who spent months with the Ojibways and wrote an exceedingly valuable book on American primitive music, believe that the quarter-tones and eighth-tones distinguishable in the singing of Indians are very much like the quarter-tones and eighth-tones that are distinguishable in the singing of white people, and can be accounted for by the simple phrase, out of tone, or off the key. Mr. Burton's book ought to be known to all students of music. Miss Curtis has been in past times rather inclined to take another view—at least of Hopi music. All such discussion is wholesome. It tends toward a better understanding of music and a better understanding of Indians. Miss Curtis is right in declaring, as she did last week, that the Indian must be educated to take his place in American civilization, and she is also right in saying that all plans for the education of the Indian should be made with a view not of destroying but of preserving whatever is distinctive and valuable in his traditional life. As in any such case, the education of the Indian will mean also the education of the rest of us. While we are giving him something that he does not have and that we possess, we shall find that he has some possessions in art, in music, in ideals, that he can share with us.

Boutet de Monvel

French novels, plays, and painting have often given a wrong impression of French life. There are some English-speaking people who think its prevailing tendencies are immoral and degenerate. This idea has been somewhat accentuated by the pictures recently exhibited in New York City by the French artists who represent the queer latter-day new schools of painting. But in its true essence French life is both fine and beautiful. One does not see it thus on the Paris boulevards, but one does see it in the nursery of a good French home. For there are homes in France, in spite of that oft-leveled accusation at the French language as having no word to correspond to our English "home." There are no children more likable than French children. They are likable because they are shy, simple children. As Louis Maurice Boutet de Monvel, who died last week, once said of them, "They are shy and impulsive, though they seem by nature to have their impulses under restraint." In contrast, our children in America are, as he added, "almost invariably pretty of feature, but they seem willful; they are spoiled, I think. They are also self-contained, while in France they are almost invariably diffident. Nor are the children of the Paris streets so venturesome as those of New York." Alphonse Daudet and others have

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pictured in words the French's child's shyness and simplicity; but by pencil, no one, we think, has given to us more appealing pictures than did Boutet de Monvel. He died prematurely. He was only sixty-three years old. He had studied with Cabanel, Lefebvre, Boulanger, and Carolus Duran. In the Franco-Prussian War of 1870 Boutet served as a soldier, and did not exhibit any pictures until 1874. At that time he was best known as an illustrator, but his work in painting grew rapidly. Those who have frequented the various Paris salons will remember "The Temptation of St. Anthony," the portrait of Mounet-Sully, the actor; "The Good Samaritan," now in the museum at Orléans; and "Arabs Returning from the Market," now in the museum at Amiens. But Boutet will, we think, always be best known as an illustrator. One has but to recall the names of those delightful books, "Songs of France," "Old Songs for Little Children," "Nos Enfants," and then his illustrations to "La Fontaine" and to "The Life of Jeanne d'Arc," to conjure up the images of children ideally childlike and winsome. "You're a regular Boutet," or "My little Boutet," have become expressions often used when such a child is seen. The world has sustained a real loss in the passing of the beloved Boutet.

The Boy Scout Rally

The second annual rally of the Boy Scouts of America has lately taken place. It interested every one in the New York City streets who chanced to come upon any squad of the thirty-five hundred American youngsters who were coming together for the occasion. The boys represented all kinds of social standing; indeed, they represented a large number of nationalities. One was glad to note that certain day and boarding schools in which the Scout manual is well adapted for use were represented, and one was quite as glad to note that there were also many factory boys in the number. But they were all Boy Scouts together. They were all obedient to a certain set of principles. They were all getting the same kind of instruction. The result was that race, color, and education were forgotten. The rally took place at the Seventy-first Regiment Armory in New York City, and was under the auspices of the New York Council. Most of the boys came in khaki leggings, flannel shirt, and peaked hat. But some could not afford this full costume, and wore as much of it as they could. The drill showed what boys can do when they are interested. Every troop did something different. For instance, one troop slid out a pile of long poles and produced ropes and tied knots, fastening the poles together, and shot up a tower, and then shot up one of themselves who carried a signal flag. Then there was a first-aid troop. A boy was supposed to be injured. He was bandaged, slung on a stretcher, and carried to a hospital. Then there were wigwagging and field telephoning and bridge building and antelope racing and fire making contests. There was also medal giving, and the case which called for most attention was that of young Johnny Sinclair, of the Bronx, who received a medal for diving through ice to save two boys who had fallen into the river. Young Sinclair was promptly bringing the drowning boy to the shore when another boy fell in, whereupon Sinclair grabbed him too and struggled to the edge of the ice with both of the other boys. They were all pulled up by brother Scouts, who administered first aid. The rally closed with the singing of "The Star-Spangled Banner" and "My Country, 'Tis of Thee" by thirty-five hundred voices, mostly treble, and the effect was one not to be forgotten. No movement of our time towards child betterment has been more practical than the Boy Scout movement. No wonder that its progress has been inspiring.

Poison that Blinds

Most people know that wood alcohol is a poison, but few realize the extent of the danger as now pointed out by the Committee on the Prevention of Blindness of the New York Association for the Blind. There are cases on record in which the drinking of wood alcohol by mistake for whisky has produced total and permanent blindness, and it is also true that in large enough doses the poison causes death. The astonishing number of six hundred cases of death or blindness from drinking and inhaling the fumes of wood alcohol have been reported in medical literature and history within the last twenty years. The greatest point of danger is that the appearance of wood alcohol has been altered by new processes so that it is difficult to distinguish it from grain alcohol, which is used legitimately in a great many ways. Evidently a conspicuous "Poison" label should be used with every ounce of wood alcohol sold,

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yet we are told that this is not required by law in some States, and that even where such a law exists it is widely disregarded, as, for instance, by druggists who label the product "For external use only," which is not in accordance with the law where the law exists and which does not convey a sharp warning. Moreover, wood alcohol is sold, in New York City at least, under various trade names which do not tell the buyer what it is, and oftener than not the bottles are not labeled "Poison." The production of wood alcohol is a large and perfectly legitimate industry, and its uses are extensive and varied, but the facts that we have stated point beyond question to the necessity of some stringent legislation to protect innocent and ignorant people. This legislation should be both National and in the States, and the effort of the Committee to secure such measures will have the support of all humane citizens.

The Armenians and the Turks

Now that current events point more than ever to the expulsion of the Turk from most of his territory in Europe, some of his subjects in Asia are wondering whether there will now be any reform in government there, or whether, as before, when disaster has come to Turkey-in-Europe, some one in Asia will have to pay for it. Rumanians, Bulgarians, Servians, and Greeks have all served their time under the Turkish rule of oppression and massacre. But they were fortunate in having favorable geographical situations to help them to organize nationally, and also in having European assistance to free themselves from the Turkish yoke. It is different in Armenia. There, revolutions have had the disadvantage of being poorly located geographically and of being isolated from Christian neighbors. That, however, has not prevented the Armenians from petitioning for reform. They did so notably in 1894. The result was the massacre of 1895. There was again unrest in 1907. The result was the massacre of 1908. The change from Old to Young Turk control at Constantinople also, paradoxically as it may seem, had its malign influence. Of course, under these circumstances, there has been emigration. The lands of those emigrating were taken by force by the Turks. According to Turkish traditions, the Armenian must till the land that he originally owned and share his product with the Government. But the Government does not like to leave the Armenians enough money even to purchase farming tools and oxen! It does not seem to realize that the poverty of the public must mean the poverty of the province. The result is that Turkey, despite good agricultural land, instead of exporting wheat, has to import flour. It may be remembered that five years ago, when Austria definitely annexed Bosnia, the Young Turks, who had just come into power, invited all the Mohammedan population of Bosnia to migrate, promising them money and lands. A similar invitation to Mohammedans was published in Rumania and in the Caucasus. Many Mohammedans responded to this offer. When the Balkan war began, however, they left Turkey-in-Europe for Asia Minor at the rate of, it is said, about fifteen hundred a day. The question now is, What will become of the Armenians, now burdened by a new element of population?

Turkish Political Philosophy

The "Ikdam" and the "Sabah," of Constantinople, are well-known Turkish newspapers. Their editorial utterances at the time of the renewal of the Balkan war are noteworthy. The "Ikdam" says, as translated by an Outlook correspondent, that the Balkan States, entering into alliance, found among the Great Powers those whose political principles favored their own; or they gained over "by various illegitimate means most of the foreign newspapers, in which they caused to be written columns of praise for themselves; they thus turned European opinion to their own side, utilizing to some extent religious fanaticism." Religion, however, in the opinion of the editor of the "Ikdam," cannot be considered as playing an important rôle in the struggle. Reforms? Yes, Turkey is in favor of reforms, only it declares that they "will be carried into effect as soon as possible." It seems strange that the editor of the "Ikdam" should not realize that this same promise has been made for a generation, and that civilization will not always wait for laggards. In its turn, the Constantinople "Sabah" complains that the principle of territorial integrity has been lost in the light of experience. "The principle of the integrity of Ottoman territory is no idle word," declares the "Sabah." "To be sure, we found it idle in the war in Tripoli, but the distant relation of Tripoli to the motherland, and Italy's isolated action, render that case very different from

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what we now face. It was quite possible for the Powers to act up to their treaty obligations in this case. They did not do so. . . . After the defeats in Rumelia and Thrace all Europe declared that . . . the principle of the integrity of the Ottoman territory no longer applied to that region. . . . Naturally we are powerless under this violation of treaty obligations." In a later issue the "Sabah" asks, "Will the present Balkan alliance be permanent?" and thus answers: "In view of racial peculiarities and ambitions . . . those who think the map of Southeastern Europe will at once take permanent shape greatly err. . . . After peace is established, and as conditions of the peace, the necessity of new adjustments will emerge, and the Balkan States will develop new desires and pursue new objects of ambition, and thus serious quarrels between those now allied will result which will necessitate fresh territorial adjustments." The paper concludes that "we can be a balancing element in Balkan politics." To do this, the "Sabah" points out the patently needful thing: "If we are strong, we may play a decisive vote in affairs. . . . Let us not forget that civilization is power. Only a people of high civilization possesses vital power." Most of the press opinions from the participants in the Balkan-Turkish war have come from the Balkan side. These views which we have quoted come from the Turkish side. They have quite as much point; for the future of the Near East will be in part determined by the manner in which the Turks take their defeat and occupy themselves with the problems it presents.

Another Victory for the Protocol

The Ladies' Garment Unions in Boston have just signed a treaty of peace with the Ladies' Garment Manufacturers' Association, thus ending what threatened to be a long and serious strike. The Cloak and Suit Unions of the city were on strike but two days. The Waist and Dress Makers carried on a vigorous picketing campaign for two weeks. A few weeks ago the Cloak and Suit Manufacturers' Association began to consider the demands of their employees for a betterment of their condition. A committee was formed which, with the assistance of Louis D. Brandeis, Edward A. Filene, and Meyer Bloomfield, made a painstaking investigation of the industry both in Boston and in New York. The very satisfactory condition of the industry in New York was found due to the successful working of the Protocol which settled a serious strike in 1910. As the result of this inquiry a form of settlement based upon the original Protocol was drawn up and agreed upon by the Ladies' Garment Manufacturers' Association and the Cloak and Suit Makers' Union. A few days later the Waist and Dress Makers agreed to the same form of settlement. It remains for the committees to be chosen and the provisions to be set in motion. This Protocol provides both for the settlement of present difficulties and for future relations between the manufacturers and the employees. It requires that all operators and finishers be paid by the piece, the rates on which are to be determined by committees of the employees in each shop acting with the employers. It provides for a standard minimum weekly wage scale for the other kinds of work. The working week is to consist of fifty hours, with a half-holiday on Saturday. Overtime work is to be paid for at one and a half times the regular rates. Preference is to be given to union help and union conditions. The most significant feature of this Protocol, as of the original one, is in the arrangement for the settlement of all grievances and differences without strike or lockout. It requires that all grievances arising between employees and employers be submitted to the Board of Grievances (composed of three members of each party), whose decision is final. All differences are taken up by the Board of Arbitration, which consists of one nominee of the employees, one nominee of the employers, and a third chosen by them jointly. Most interesting of all is the Joint Board of Sanitary Control, which will be composed like the Board of Arbitration. This Board is empowered to establish standards of sanitary conditions which both manufacturers and the unions obligate themselves to maintain. Such provisions for the future administration of the industry may be compared with those in a State constitution. They express the broad principles of democracy which should govern every industry as well as every State. With able administrators there is no reason why the Protocol should not make for peace and prosperity in the women's garment industry in Boston. The best thing about it is that it is a serious attempt to substitute reason for industrial war.

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THE TARIFF—ONE POINT OF AGREEMENT

When Congress, summoned by the President, meets in extraordinary session on April 7, it will have before it a task of unusual difficulty. Its special duty, possibly its only duty, during that session will be the revision of the tariff. More than once the attempt to revise the tariff has been the undoing of a party in power. The Gorman-Wilson Law and the Payne-Aldrich Law contributed to the Democratic disaster of 1894 and the Republican disaster of 1910 respectively. In campaign after campaign the people have been told, on the one hand, tha the maintenance of protective duties is essential to their prosperity, and, on the other hand, that the abandonment of protection is requisite for the liberation of the common man from the oppression of privilege and for the lowering of the cost of living. When the promised results have not been forthcoming, it is not surprising that the people have felt themselves tricked. The present Congress has to reckon with the high hopes of the American people concerning the benefits they have been taught to expect from tariff revision. If the new tariff law does not bring the relief promised, the party which controls this Congress will inevitably suffer. In our opinion, too much stress has been laid upon the tariff as a factor in National problems and the National welfare. There are other conditions that more intimately affect the life of the people. Public attention in America, however, has been turned toward the tariff, and the party now in power finds the revision of the tariff its most pressing immediate duty.

Not only in the country at large but even within the limits of the Democratic party there is wide divergence of opinion as to the basis on which the tariff should be revised. There are protection Democrats and virtual free-trade Democrats; there are Democrats who believe that the tariff should be levied for revenue only, and Democrats who believe that the tariff should be levied with a view chiefly to reducing the cost of living to the consumer.

Likewise there is a difference of opinion as to the means to be used for ascertaining the right kind of tariff. Some—Democrats, Progressives, Republicans—believe that, in the light of common sense, it is plain that there should be a non-partisan Tariff Commission to study the various schedules and all the factors that enter into the tariff system, acquire information, tabulate it, and report it to Congress, and that Congress should act in accordance with the information thus acquired. This is our view. We do not believe that the complicated question of tariff legislation can be settled without expert guidance, such as Germany employs. This is particularly true if the tariff is to be levied on a protective basis determined by the cost of production here and abroad; but it is also true whatever the basis may be. Congressional committees are not so constituted as to be able to acquire the technical knowledge necessary to intelligent tariff legislation. The failure of the late Tariff Board to accomplish any result was not inherent in the Tariff Commission plan; it was due to various circumstances—partly to the limited powers and temporary nature of the Board; partly to the failure of the Board to edit its own reports and make its conclusions easily understandable; partly to the fact that the President who secured its creation failed to follow its own findings with regard to the first schedule on which it reported—the paper schedule; and partly to the procedure of members of Congress who, for partisan purposes, wished to render the Board powerless and the experiment a failure.

Apart, however, from the merely partisan opponents of this particular Tariff Board experiment, there are some—mainly Democrats—who regard a Tariff Commission as entirely unnecessary, and who believe that Congress is quite competent to get for itself all the information necessary for the framing of a just and effective tariff measure.

In view of these conflicting opinions regarding the tariff, it is manifestly unjust for any person who happens to hold one opinion to condemn the party in power for failure to act in accordance with that opinion unless the party is committed to it. The Democratic party is not committed to the protective principle. By its platform it is pledged to a tariff for revenue only; though this pledge may perhaps be regarded as modified by President Wilson's ideas, made known during the campaign, that any tariff legislation should be framed with a view to avoiding undue disturbance to business. Thus modified, the Democratic position may be expressed in the phrase, A tariff for revenue chiefly. Neither is the Democratic party pledged to a Tariff Commission. It is not pledged against it,

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but it cannot be held culpable if it fails to provide for a Tariff Commission, however strongly some Americans may believe that, even for the purpose of such a tariff as the Democrats plan, a Tariff Commission is essential.

There is one point, however, on which all—Democrats, Republicans, Progressives, revenue-tariff men, protective-tariff men, high-tariff men, low-tariff men, Tariff-Commission men, anti-Tariff-Commission men—can agree. It is a point on which there has practically been no strongly expressed disagreement. This concerns the greatest evil connected with tariff legislation, and the first step towards its elimination.

Whenever there has been a general tariff bill before Congress, Washington has been full of lobbyists. Every interest affected has been represented there by its agents. This is unavoidable. If an industry, in the opinion of those who are its leaders, is threatened with damage through prospective legislation, it would be impossible, and if it were possible it would be unjust, to prevent the representatives of that industry from stating their case before Congress, and through Congress before the country. What has happened, however, has been something very much more than this. By the introduction of a general tariff bill practically all the industries of the country have been summoned to Washington together. Some of these industries may have been threatened with injury, or at least have had reason to fear injury, while others have had occasion merely to fear the loss of some privilege they had up to that time enjoyed. Thus the public interest has been obscured by the collective demand of a large number of special interests. These special interests, making common cause, have found it easy to bring pressure upon Congress out of all proportion to the merits of their respective individual demands. And, within Congress, Representatives and Senators have found it easy, by mutual arrangements and bargains, to secure for their several constituents privileges that they could not have secured for them one by one. This evil of log-rolling and bargaining without adequate regard for the general welfare has been inseparable from all general tariff bills.

There is one thing essential to the cure of this evil. That is some action by which it would be no longer possible for a number of special interests to come together and make a common cause. Each industry should have its case considered on its own merits. This is possible only when the tariff is revised schedule by schedule.

Happily, there is no party that has expressed opposition to this method. There is no reason why all—Republicans and Progressives as well as Democrats—should not unite in following this method. The schedule-by-schedule method will not cure all the evil of tariff bargains. No mere method can cure an evil of this sort; but it can greatly reduce it, and at the very least it can remove those things that promote it.

The Sixty-second Congress established the precedent of taking up tariff bills schedule by schedule. If the Sixty-third Congress actually writes that precedent into law, it will have rendered a memorable service, whatever its failures or successes in other respects may be.

HANDS OFF NIAGARA

Niagara is a great National possession. It is more. As a unique object of natural beauty it belongs to the world. There may be waterfalls in other parts of the world as great in height, in breadth, in volume, as impressive, as beautiful. There is but one Niagara. It is unique as the Sistine Madonna is unique, as the Venus of Milo is unique, as Westminster Abbey is unique.

Niagara is not only a great National possession. It is a great National trust. The American people have no more right to permit the destruction of Niagara than the German people would have to allow the Sistine Madonna to be cut into shreds, the French people to permit the Venus of Milo to be broken up, the British people to allow Westminster Abbey to be razed. We are trustees of one of the wonders of the world.

Happily, the American people are in no mind to be false to their trust. They have no inclination to give countenance to the destruction of Niagara as an object of scenic grandeur. Time and again they have made their determination known in no uncertain tones. They have said, Niagara must and shall be preserved.

Despite that determination, Niagara is once more in danger.

Representatives do not always represent. The plain desire of the people does not always find expression in the acts of the people's legislators.

In the closing hours of the late Congress

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one man interposed an obstacle between the will of the people and the consummation of that will.

Niagara is not only a spectacle of surpassing grandeur. Its falling waters contain the potentiality of vast power. Translated into electric current, the energy of its waters would run hundreds of factories, light and heat thousands of homes. Already water sufficient to generate nearly two hundred thousand horse-power has been permitted to be diverted from the Falls on the American side alone.

The American people want the beauty of the waters of Niagara preserved. But a handful of the American people want the latent energy of the waters of Niagara used for light, heat, and power, and used by them for their profit. Seven years ago Congress, responsive to the people's will, passed the Burton Act, limiting for three years the amount of water which might be diverted from the Falls for power purposes. Twice the operation of the act has been extended. It expired for the third time on March fourth. A resolution extending its operation for one year was unanimously passed by the House, and in the last hours of the session was prevented from passage in the Senate only by the opposition of Senator O'Gorman, of New York.

Senator O'Gorman does not believe that Niagara belongs to the world. He does not even believe that it belongs to the whole Nation. He believes that it belongs to the State of New York. For seven years Congress has upheld the broader view. The American and British Governments by solemn treaty have indorsed the broader view. The American people are committed to the broader view.

But Senator O'Gorman does not hold it. And Niagara is once more in danger.

Niagara is grandeur. Niagara is power. But, beyond the point already reached, Niagara cannot be both. A board of army engineers, unprejudiced experts, has reported that the Falls have already been injured, that any further diversion will add materially to the injury. James Bryce, author of "The American Commonwealth," and British Ambassador to the United States, in a recent letter to the President of the American Civic Association, the organization which has done more than any other force to preserve the integrity of Niagara, said:

> . . . My own feeling is and has always been that it would have been a great deal better to leave the Falls entirely alone; and when I compare the sight of them now, and the landscape around them, with what I saw forty-three years ago, it is melancholy to reflect upon the damage that has been done and upon the loss to America and to the world of a natural object which was unique in its beauty and its magnificence. Something of the magnificence remains, but a great deal of the beauty has gone.

To keep what we still have in Niagara no more water must be taken away. The restrictions of the Burton Act must be continued. Every American who believes that Niagara is a great National possession, for which we are responsible not only to ourselves but to the world, should not fail to let the Senators from his State, the Congressman from his district, know that they have no more pressing responsibility, no more patriotic duty, than that of lending their aid to the continued preservation of Niagara.

The resolution continuing the Burton Act will be introduced once more on the first day of the coming session. Before that day Congress should have heard from the country. The American people must once more say to their representatives, "Hands off Niagara!"

LETTERS TO UNKNOWN FRIENDS

To one who is just beginning to catch the scientific view of things, and who for the first time realizes that the universe is governed by universal laws, there comes the question: "What use for me to pray, if I and the universe in which I live are governed by unchangeable laws? Surely these laws will not be changed for me." From the point of view of such a one this question seems justifiable. What he needs is a new idea of prayer enlarged to correspond with his larger knowledge. J. H. Randall perhaps comes near putting such an enlarged idea of prayer in its briefest form when he says, "The essence of prayer is earnest desire."

Please tell us your conclusions as to the use of prayer. I know its value to myself—communion with God calms, soothes, satisfies, untwists tangles, and reverses one's attitude toward questions. But why should I pray for my neighbor? "The effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much," but how? God knows your troubles before I tell him. He loves you better than I do and is more desirous of helping you than I can be of having him help you. I commit you to his care, and am relieved in doing so. But how does that help you? Is telepathy the only answer to that question?

These two letters involve three questions respecting prayer. I answer them separately.

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Is prayer consistent with our belief that the universe is governed by law?

It is just as consistent with law to ask God for help as it is to ask your neighbor for help. Your child is sick; you do not hesitate to call in the doctor. You call him in because there are laws of health and he understands those laws of health better than you do. Perhaps he tells you that your invalid does not need medicine, but needs cheerful company. You call in a merry companion, because a merry heart doeth good like a medicine. There is medicine to the spirit as well as to the body, and medicine to the spirit is sometimes medicine to the body. The fact that the universe is governed by law does not prevent us from making the forces in the universe serve our bidding. Because it is governed by law, we swim the sea, we tunnel the mountains, we dig the canal, we fly the air. Because it is governed by law, we heal the sick, we develop the backward, we recover the lunatic to sanity, we redeem the sinful from their guilt.

And we seek each other's aid in doing this. We call on the engineer to dig the canal, on the ship-builder to make the modern leviathan, on the doctor to bring health to our home, on the psychologist to treat the insane, on the minister or the moral reformer to aid in recovering the wandering to paths of virtue. Law is not a manacle, it is a tool. We use it for ourselves and for our neighbors, or, to speak more accurately, our knowledge of law enables us to use the forces of nature, whether physical or spiritual, for our own benefit and for the benefit of our neighbor.

Is prayer simply earnest desire?

No. Earnest desire is an essential to prayer, but earnest desire may exist without prayer. Prayer is communion of one spirit with another spirit. The boys in a school may earnestly desire a holiday, but their earnest desire for a holiday is not a petition to the teacher for a holiday. The petition is meaningless without the desire, but the desire itself is not a petition. One may earnestly desire to control his quick, impetuous temper, but the possession of this desire is something different from his going to a friend for counsel as to how he shall acquire this power of control. It is something different from his going to his Father in heaven with a request for spiritual aid in getting this control. The teacher may know that the boys earnestly desire a holiday, and may give it to them without waiting for their petition. So the heavenly Father may know that the quick-tempered man earnestly desires help in controlling his temper, and may give him the help without waiting for the prayer. Indeed, we have abundant reason for saying that the Father takes in innumerable instances our earnest desire as though it were a prayer, and gives us the aid we wish, though we do not ask for it. But the asking for it constitutes prayer.

But prayer is something more than asking; it is also receiving. It is something more than speaking to the Father; it is listening to the Father. In communion with another, listening is as important as speaking, and this is sometimes forgotten in our prayers. "We are so busy praying," said Savonarola, "that we have no time to listen." I doubt whether many Americans are so busy praying that they have no time to listen, but I think a good many really devout Americans are so busy serving that they have no time to be quiet and receptive. "Be still, and know that I am God," says the Psalmist. To be still and simply know that God is God is one of the highest forms of prayer.

This is what our second correspondent means, I think, by saying: "Communion with God calms, soothes, satisfies, untwists tangles, and reverses one's attitude towards questions." In this very sentence it seems to me she partly answers her question. By praying for another we change our attitude toward that other; by asking God to give his help to a friend, and then waiting for the response, we not infrequently get a suggestion of something which we can ourselves do for our friend. Auto-suggestion, my scientific friend calls it. I will not discuss terms with him, even when terms involve profound questions. It is enough for me that prayer and a receptive mind often bring a response suggestive of my duty, and, when they do not, may bring the calming conviction that there is nothing more that I can do.

But this is not all. We know too little about the spiritual influences at work in the world to know that they may not be directed to a given end by a sincere desire, simply expressed. We may not know that one mind affects another mind without the intermediary of verbal communication, but we certainly do not know that one mind cannot affect another mind without such communication. There is much in recent investigations to justify belief that there is an undefined and incomprehensible wireless telegraphy by which spirit affects spirit. At all events, there is enough in the

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history of prayer to sustain the belief that prayer for another has direct spiritual efficacy to justify us in employing it. In this, as in many other matters in life, we act by faith and without knowledge.

I am writing this letter on prayer without any scientific certainty that it will be of any help to any reader. If I give a telegraph message to the operator here to be transmitted to Chicago, I have a scientific certainty that it will be transmitted to Chicago and a reasonable certainty that it will reach my friend in Chicago. I have no such certainty that the spiritual faith which I am trying to express in this letter will reach and affect the unknown reader of The Outlook. I send it forth in hope and faith simply. So, when I have extended the possibilities of my own action, have done all that I can do, and still wish to give a helping hand to some friend who needs help but whom I cannot reach, I send my message to him, my gift of sympathy, of strength, of fellowship to him, through my heavenly Father, not *knowing* that it will reach him, but hoping that it may do so, and assured by past experience, my own and the experience of devout souls in all generations, that help is often thus vouchsafed by one to another through the ministry of the Father. LYMAN ABBOTT.

WORKINGWOMEN AND WAGES

A POLL OF THE PRESS

THE employment of girls and women in factories, department stores, and all such out-of-the-home industries is comparatively new, says "Life." "It has nearly all come with the immense development of machinery during the last two generations and with the demand for cheap labor which has followed. Commercial organization such as has given us the department stores is a form of machinery and has come along with all the other machines." "Life" adds:

> At present girls are the cheapest article in the labor market, and are used enormously in industrial exploitation. If it gets around that girls have a potential value to society which makes it uneconomic to use them up in service and scrap them like worn-out machines, it may raise hob with a lot of industries that are run by cheap girl-power at present.

When Jane Addams enlisted in the Progressive movement some time prior to the formal opening of the last Presidential campaign, says the Los Angeles "Express," her critics demanded that she confine her activities to the field of accredited philanthropy. "Her answer to these critics was an appeal for relief for the victims of an industrial system that refused to take account of the right of working girls and children to food, shelter, and safety." The Progressive National platform calls for "minimum wage standards for workingwomen to provide a living wage in all industrial occupations." But the New York "Sun" warns us that "a generous concern for the underpaid or the unfortunate should not blind the great mass of us to the fact that any artificial system of wages must result in cruel displacements of labor and must be sustained, if sustained it can be, at the cost of the majority who would shift the burden upon anybody else."

The particular problem now before the public is thus put in an unsigned letter from a working-girl to the New York "Times:"

> For an unskilled working-girl it is difficult enough to find employment except at a job paying $4 or $5 a week, but when she is also unfortunate enough not to have a home and applies to a storekeeper or to any business man for a least responsible position that pays near a living wage, she makes an unfavorable impression and is turned away. The longer she is out of work the more she appears a doubtful character to those to whom she applies for work, and she is often asked, "How have you been living, being out of work and having no home?" These continual insults when seeking work are alone enough to suggest to a girl to do what she is suspected of having done. Is it any wonder if, when tramping the streets searching for work in a disheartened mood, girls yield to the temptations held out to them by flirts, mashers, white slavers, and others who seek their prey among this class of girls? And it is this class that is inevitably doomed to the underworld.
>
> Though I have stood on the brink of the precipice for the last six years, the reason I have not yet fallen is the fact that I have a power of endurance which thousands who do fall have not.

There has been an investigation of these conditions in Illinois. One witness said that low salaries had nothing whatever to do with

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vice or virtue, because morality is a state of mind. "It ought to have occurred to him," comments the Charlottesville, Virginia, "Progress," "that it is a mental state which can be produced by lack of food and raiment."

Another witness, the head of a Chicago firm, affirms the Los Angeles "Express," testified to the fact that in his employ a hundred and four girls received not more than six and a half dollars a week. "It was stated during the course of the investigation that these young women could not maintain themselves for less than eight or nine dollars a week. . . . Yet more than fifty thousand women in the city of Chicago alone are working for five dollars a week or less—so say the investigators."

The girl witnesses held that not less than twelve dollars a week is necessary for the maintenance of a working-girl, and that girls who are paid less, unless they live at home, are under temptation to supplement their earnings by irregular and immoral means. "Life" thus comments:

> Now twelve dollars a week may not be the right sum to stickle for as the least that should be paid to a self-supporting girl, but behind this investigation and these opinions there appears a very interesting disposition to hold employers of girls accountable for what happens to girls whom they employ. There seems to be developing out of the experience of two or three generations the idea that there is a flaw in the practice that has obtained of letting anybody who will, hire girls wherever he can find them, pay them anything they will take, get what work he can out of them, and leave them to make for themselves the adjustment between their earnings and the necessaries of life.

Between low wages for women and immorality there is a causative connection, declares the Missoula "Missoulian," and thus comments:

> One after another the heads of department stores had ridiculed the mere suggestion that the low wages paid in their establishments had anything whatever to do with the morality or the immorality of the women employed. But . . . Edwin Hillman was frank in his admission, and he offered his co-operation to the committee in the endeavor to arrive at definite conclusions as to what constitutes a "living wage."

The Peoria "Herald Transcript" fears that the excellent purpose of the investigation may be defeated by a tendency to extremism on both sides. In the first place, "there is a disposition on the part of certain members of the commission to regard employers as heartless and as maliciously culpable." On the other hand, there is "a tendency among certain employers to treat the investigation as sentimental twaddle or mere political buncombe." As examples, the "Herald Transcript" quotes Lieutenant-Governor O'Hara, of Illinois, who is "mightily in earnest in his conviction that low wages are a direct contributor to prostitution;" yet "the great majority of employers do not choose voluntarily to keep women and girls on a wage basis that drives them to desperate measures in order to live."

The first results of the investigation are encouraging, chronicles the Chicago "Record-Herald." Public attention, it says, has been directed to a matter that is vital both industrially and morally. "Good suggestions have been elicited, and more may be expected as the inquiry widens." The "Record-Herald" adds:

> The spirit of the merchants and employers who have appeared before the commission has been, on the whole, very creditable to the business community and the city. As the Lieutenant-Governor admits, that spirit has been one of co-operation and entire readiness to aid the Legislature along sane and practical lines.

In a communication to the New York "Herald" Lieutenant-Governor O'Hara thus concludes: "Our investigation into the causes and effects of white slavery in this State has shown conclusively that thousands of good girls are going wrong every year merely because they cannot live upon the wages paid them by employers."

The Chicago "Record-Herald" admits that starvation wages and the concomitant conditions of living certainly contribute to social immorality. But, it protests, "an arbitrary, ill-digested statute prescribing too high a minimum wage . . . might cause loss of employment by thousands, and manifestly that would not improve the situation morally."

In an article in the New York "Sun" Mr. Henry Siegel says:

> If the proposed minimum wage of $9 for women becomes a law, tens of thousands of women will be driven out of business, will lose their positions. In such case it can then well be said that industry has driven some of them to the streets. The average man at $12 a week is more valuable to an employer than is a woman at $9 or even at $7. There are certain things that a woman cannot do; they are not all around adaptable as are men. For this reason men would take the place of women at the higher proposed wage.
>
> It is my opinion that the country is not prepared for a minimum wage law. Merit, at this time, creates a balance. What women should do is to strive for efficiency. If they take greater interest in their work, they will receive a deserved increase in wages. That is the prin-

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ciple which governs our establishments, and I am sure other establishments also make similar recognition of merit.

In our stores there is not an employee who receives less than $5 a week, with the exception of some errand boys. Not a little cash girl even is paid less than $5 a week. As a matter of fact, our employees who are supporting themselves already receive as much as many minimum wage advocates demand. I would be ready and glad to pay even a higher rate than this were it not that at this time competition makes it impossible to do so.

While the Illinois investigation may have some good results, because a certain proportion of employers may have their hearts moved to better wages and conditions of the young women in their service, says the New York "Times," "if the discussion proceeds further along its present lines, a deplorable balance of evil may appear as the sum total." The "Times" thus explains:

Reasonable persons would admit that a too scanty wage, by making it more difficult to resist temptation, would in many cases render easier the lapse from virtue. But when from the testimony given the assumption is made that low wages are a chief contributing cause of immorality, and when, in particular, testimony is given, and is gravely commented upon as if it were the statement of a social fact, to the effect that reproach must be withheld when the scantiness of the wage is given as the reason for transgression, then it becomes evident that the investigation and the discussion are productive of vastly more harm than good.

The Louisville "Post" says that it is time now to correct this evil tendency of the investigation. The Louisville paper instances the contention that woman's virtue depends on $8 a week, and remarks:

One result is that careful parents, needing, as they may, the assistance of their daughters' wages of $6 or $8 a week, are withdrawing them from the department stores because of the publicity given to them. . . .

"Save us from our friends!" these girls may well say. Harm comes to social order more from the foolishness of the well-meaning than from the malice of the evil-minded. It is again proven, as Hood said long ago, that

> "Evil is wrought by want of thought,
> As well as want of heart."

The public impression must not be created, says the Chicago "Inter Ocean," "that a girl must necessarily go wrong because she receives small wages," nor the moral drawn "that the underpaid girl who goes wrong must be held blameless because she was underpaid," nor dishonor cast upon the great army of working-girls "who may be underpaid but are as virtuous as any other class of women."

The Milwaukee "Sentinel" concludes that it would be difficult to establish direct causal relation between low wages for women and prostitution. "Is it a fact that the recruits for the underworld come mainly from the ranks of low-paid working-girls who would prefer industrious lives? We doubt it extremely." The "Sentinel" then explains:

Many young women notoriously gravitate toward loose lives as naturally as many young men do. The irksomeness of self-denial counts heavily in such cases; but any real stress of poverty has comparatively little to do with it. It is a love of finery, rather than an escape from rags.

All of which is emphatically not said in any spirit of defense of the underpaying of women, nor in denial of the ugly fact that there may well be cases where girls have been impelled to vice by the lack of a living wage.

According to the Aberdeen, Washington, "World," the main result of the Illinois investigation has been the disclosure of facts that the general public has all along suspected, but which have not before been put in such definite form and given such widespread publicity. For instance, says this paper, it has been shown that these big concerns have followed the detestable practice of ascertaining the minimum living wage for a woman, and then making that her compensation. "This takes into account no idea of ability or worth. It is in truth and literally exploitation of the vilest kind." Hence the Ogden, Utah, "Standard" declares that wages of women will be on a starvation basis "so long as a minimum wage law does not force the mercenary employers to hold to a standard of wages above the barest necessities of those who work for them." The Utah paper continues:

As competition, which is keen in the cities, forces the fair-minded employer of labor to pay the same wage scale as that of his mean competitor, the compensation offered is bound to be that fixed by the most unscrupulous employers. This condition will prevail until the law shall prescribe a wage scale below which no employer of labor can go.

Hence the Philadelphia "Times" concludes that "a minimum wage scale for women now underpaid and overworked might escape whatever unfortunate consequences have been realized in other experiments with a general minimum wage scale." The Philadelphia paper adds: "The laws of economics, if left to themselves, are merciless. They recognize neither age nor sex. But the laws of man are not merciless. The laws of man do recognize age and sex. The laws of man can help to mitigate the laws of nature."

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TALE-BEARING AND CHARACTER

STORIES OF EXPERIENCE BROUGHT OUT BY "WHO BROKE THE WINDOW?"

ANSWERS to the question, "Who Broke the Window?" have been coming to The Outlook from all quarters. For the benefit alike of those readers who come upon this question for the first time and of those readers who would like to have their memories refreshed without the trouble of turning back to a former issue of The Outlook, we here present that problem in its fivefold form as first propounded by Harlan E. Hall and published in several past issues of The Outlook:

Good and Bad are two boys, each fourteen years of age. They attend the same school. One day Bad said to Good, "I am going to throw a snowball through the window." Good made no reply. Bad threw the snowball and broke the window, and Good saw him do it. The next morning at school the teacher asked the pupils singly and privately the questions, "Do you know who broke the window?" and "Who broke the window?"

1. What should Good say when the teacher asked him, "Do you know who broke the window?"
2. What should Good say when she asked him, "Who broke the window?"
3. Should the teacher have asked the boy these questions?
4. Should the teacher have the same right as the court in compelling Good to tell?
5. Modern American schools are rapidly adopting systematic instruction in ethics. In your opinion, should children throughout the public schools be *taught* that it is their duty to tell the truth about wrong-doing when questioned by a competent authority?

The questions which we referred to our readers have aroused an extraordinary interest.[1] This week we are not presenting the opinions of readers except incidentally; we are letting a number of readers tell their experiences.

It is a suggestive fact that almost all who have answered the main question affirmatively—that is, who have thought that "Good" should tell—have argued theoretically; while almost all who have answered by referring to definite and specific experiences, calling to mind similar instances with a problem that was presented to them as teachers or as pupils, have answered negatively—that is, they declared that "Good" should not tell.

Daisy Gilpin, nine years old, of De Land, Florida, who thinks that "Johny Good should of told, because when Johny Bad grows up he will brake more windows, and so go on breaking more and more windows, or else brakeing other things," presents one theoretical point of view—the future welfare of the window-breaker. Others look at it from other theoretical points of view; but almost no one who tells an experience comes to this conclusion. An exception is Mr. David Harris, who is in charge of a real estate office in the suburbs of Pittsburgh.

THE BROKEN BRANCH

Mr. Harris tells about two boys, one of whom, "G," takes delight in teasing children younger than himself, but is afraid to protect himself from a boy of his own size. The other, called "B," is of the opposite temperament, frank and open in disposition. One day these boys, along with others, stopped in to say "Hello," on their way from school, as was their custom. "G" was the last to go out. In a moment he returned and said: "B jumped over the porch bannister into a bush."

"He did!" exclaimed Mr. Harris.

"Yes, he broke a big branch from it."

"Did he?"

"Yes; shall I call him?"

Mr. Harris nodded, and did some quick thinking. Accusation might mean the loss of the boy's friendship, while ignoring the matter would invite a repetition of the carelessness. When "B" came in, he asked, with a look of innocence, "What do you want?"

Mr. Harris replied with another question.

"B, what did you do?"

"Why?" asked "B," trying to evade the question, but looking Mr. Harris squarely in the eyes.

"G said you jumped upon a bush and broke a branch from it."

"B" instantly, says Mr. Harris, assumed a frank and open countenance and confessed:

"I jumped from the bannister and landed

[1] This is the fifth time that the question has been discussed in The Outlook. In the issue of January 11 the questions were presented and some of the principles discussed; in the issue of February 15 we printed answers, principally from those who believed that "Good" should tell. In the issue of February 22 we printed the opinions of readers who had quite another point of view. In the issue of March 8 boys and girls themselves for the first time entered the discussion and argued the matter pro and con.

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on the bush; but I did not know it was there."

Mr. Harris, being assured that the boy had not done the thing intentionally, warned him to be more careful in the future.

It is evident that Mr. Harris has a higher regard for "B" than for "G," and yet he comes to this conclusion:

> To-day I am just as close to that boy [B] as before, perhaps more so. G's disposition prompted him to tell me what B had done. He wanted to see what I would say to B. If the matter had been reversed, I heartily believe that B would have felt obliged to tell me, for the simple reason that I have his confidence. We are on a common level with each other. I infer from the above that—
>
> 1. G had a right to tell me what B had done, inasmuch as he repośed his confidence in me.
> 2. Had he not told me I should have been justified in asking him.
> 3. I had the confidence of B, and it was natural for him to be frank with me.
> 4. I believe that B would have told me what he had done because of the confidence existing between us.
>
> No teacher can be so close to all of her pupils as I am to these two boys, but she can have the confidence of every pupil. Boys soon form an opinion of their teacher. I do not believe in training children to be tale-bearers, but I do believe that they should be taught to speak the truth.

There are many people who would come to very different conclusions from those expressed by Mr. Harris in regard to "G's" duty in the matter, and yet follow very much the same course of action and secure the confidence of the boys as he did. This only illustrates the fact that a person's conduct cannot always be ascertained from the theories that he holds.

HALLOWE'EN

A member of the Board of Education at Lake Geneva, Wisconsin, Mr. H. A. Burdick, tells of his experience in the case of some boys who on Hallowe'en visited the schoolhouse after school hours, contrary to a specific rule. Some of the boys confessed, but would not implicate others. Addressing the boys, Mr. Burdick told them that they could be forced to tell by being deprived of school privileges or by being brought before a Justice and sent to jail. He recognized their point of view of being loyal to their fellows, but he asked them if they would not look at it from the other point of view. "The boy who will not tell is now resting behind your protection," he said to them, "and if you suffer, it will not be from what you did when in the school building against orders, but because you are shielding a boy who would not, like you, admit in a manly way that he had disobeyed and take his punishment." He therefore moved that the matter be held over until the boys who had confessed had presented the matter to those who had not confessed, and thus give them a chance to make their confession and save the boys who had been loyal to them; and if all declared themselves by a certain time, the first ones would not need to report; otherwise the boys who had confessed would have to report and tell the names of the unrevealed delinquents. The result was that there was confession from all; and Mr. Burdick concludes: "I feel that we cannot allow the boy to build one system of ethics in school and then be met by another when he goes out and becomes a citizen; but if the father and the superintendent and the member of the school board will each remember that he was a boy not so long ago, such problems will not look so insuperable and the solution of each will almost always be reached."

As these letters have come in from our readers it is evident that the tendency of those who are thinking of this question is more and more towards the conviction that it is not so important to discover the culprit by extraneous means as it is to let the culprit see that the frank and manly thing to do is to confess and to face the consequences of his thoughtless mischief. We wish we might quote at length from some of these letters—from the letter, for instance, of the mother who referred these questions to her grown-up children. She believes that the small boy is a "fine natural democrat," and that it depends upon the way in which the older people treat him whether he has a "fighting chance for his character." She believes that he ought to be allowed "the freedom of his conscience," and that "this is just where a lot of us trip up." She believes that "we cannot force a mind to intelligence, nor can we force truth at any stage." "The boy ought to have a chance to make moral decisions for himself," and she does not think that an older person does well by that boy if he takes that chance from him and appoints "another boy to steal away his chance." She holds that "there is a fine quality in a boy who wishes to have reserved to himself the right to explain his own act, and who equally desires to preserve to another that same privilege." In conclusion she says:

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"The place of the teacher is hard. The place of the parent is hard. But what shall increase the burden of each beyond endurance is any measure which shall destroy self-reliance, self-government, and self-esteem."

One writer, Miss Marion C. Blossom, of St. Louis, expresses the belief that "Good" was negatively good, and that negative goodness is not to be encouraged. There are a good many readers who take this same point of view, placing upon "Good" some responsibility for following a course of non-interference.

Mr. William E. Mann, of Norfolk, Massachusetts, and J. Harold Mason, of Providence, Rhode Island, point out in different ways the same truth. Says Mr. Mann: "It seems to me that personal detection and human punishment, in themselves, can never have any direct influence in curing the wrong-doer. . . . If we want to get the dark out of a room, we do not use force, or more darkness, but quietly let in the light, and then what becomes of the dark? . . . Every dark place has power to hold light, and every bad person has power to hold good when properly put to him; we are not always able to properly put it to him."

Mr. Mason says: "If children are given playgrounds and proper recreation, and if proper public interest is given to child welfare, then children won't *want* to break windows. . . . I think all the good done by the churches to-day ought to be less toward the building of costly cathedrals . . . and more toward arousing the people to the shame of the great American cities, the outrages of the poor, the monstrous injustice done by neglecting to eradicate child labor, white slavery, and the questions of negative eugenics."

Now we shall let our readers relate some of their experiences:

VICARIOUS PUNISHMENT

At a suburban school, the teacher, on entering one morning, noticed a very objectionable sketch drawn on the wall of the room. There was a well-known rule that no school property should be disfigured or marred in any manner.

Though the teacher had noticed the sketch, he gave no indication of it. Among the scholars a feeling of suppressed anxiety or expectancy could not be disguised during all the morning session.

When the school convened for the afternoon's work Mr. Barlet rose and smilingly said: "Boys, during the months that have passed you and I have had good times together and we have become pretty well acquainted. I see no reason why your percentage in scholarship, in deportment, and in punctual and regular attendance should not equal that of any similar school in this State. How gratifying this is to you and to me!" Still smiling, he asked very quietly: "What boy was the first comer in the school-room this morning?" and looked around as if ready to commend the "early bird." Charlie Bruce raised his hand and said, "I was, sir."

Charlie Bruce was one of the best scholars in the school and commanded the respect of teacher and companions.

Mr. Barlet said, "Charlie, please come to the desk." When he reached the teacher's desk, the following questions and answers were heard by all the school:

Mr. B.—Charlie, did you do that marking on the wall?

Charlie—No, sir.

Mr. B.—Do you know who did it?

Charlie—Yes, sir.

Mr. B.—Is the one who did it in the room now?

Charlie—Yes, sir.

Mr. B.—Tell me who it is!

At this moment it seemed that every one in the room was holding his breath, and, in the stillness and tensity of the few seconds' hesitancy, Charlie Bruce turned pale and seemed on the verge of fainting; then, with an effort, said, clearly and positively, "Mr. Barlet, please, sir, I cannot."

Mr. B.—You refuse, then, to tell me who did it?

Charlie—Yes, sir. Mr. Barlet, I cannot tell.

Mr. B.—Then, Charlie, you will have to suffer the punishment which is deserved by the boy who is guilty, as you are now shielding him in his bad act. You are also encouraging this same and other lawlessness in the future; and this act, if unpunished, may be only the first step in this boy's downward career, the end of which may be—God only knows what. I will wait for you to give me the boy's name, or for him to acknowledge doing the disgraceful thing himself. And I will add that if this guilty boy will sit quietly and see you, an innocent boy, punished, he deserves and will secure the scorn and contempt of this school and of the community in which we live. I will now place my watch before me on my desk and wait one minute.

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There was not a movement or a sound in all the room, and the ticking of the watch could plainly be heard. The minute passed. "Charlie, hold out your hand!" came from the teacher's white lips. The hand was extended, palm up, and the ferule was raised for the blow, when a voice, as sudden as escaping steam from a safety-valve, screamed out: "Don't hit 'im—I did it—I'm sorry."

Newark, New Jersey. F. W. C. CRANE.

THE WASTE PAPER

Since the "gang loyalty" is confessedly deep-rooted in boyish ethics, why not rely upon turning gang loyalty into effective channels rather than spending one's energies in the herculean task of turning poor little Johnny Good into that most miserable of upright creatures—an informer.

Some years ago a substitute teacher was tossed into temporary charge of a group of lads notorious for headlong defiance of lawful authority. The "gang" had brains and was glad to be led along the paths of learning, and all went well until noon dismissal. *Then* up came an angry teacher from the lower floor clamoring for identification of one of "those boys" who had deftly showered a litter of waste papers into her open door as the lines passed.

Do you think those lads would "tell"? If you do, you have forgotten how it feels to be a boy.

But she found out, and this was her method: First she told those boys that it gave the class an undesirable reputation to perpetrate such a stupid, commonplace trick and then run away from the responsibility. Each pseudo-manly jacket then swelled with the inner consciousness that *he* was not afraid; he'd just as soon tell as not, but *he* had not done it. Except the culprit, perhaps, but doubtless he, too, was assuring his inner self that he was not afraid to tell.

By a bit of maneuvering along such lines the situation was apparently placed in the boys' hands, and then came the final move in this bit of diplomacy. The boys were invited to appoint two tellers who should receive from every other boy a bit of paper containing just "Yes" or "No." Thus should the culprit be given a chance to relieve the situation before a jury of his equals, not before an alien and a dictator. Saying "No" to an outsider was one thing; saying "No" to the boys who had stood by him was an entirely different affair, and the line of "voters" had not trailed half its solemn little length before the earnest and businesslike tellers when a joyous mob of boys swooped over to Miss Substitute waving the tell-tale paper, and sweeping the greatly relieved offender along with them with the simple explanation: "—— has told."

Supported by the gang, —— bravely descended below stairs, handsomely assured the teacher below that he "just didn't think how mean it looked," and peace and justice descended upon that class-room. ***

THE TRUANT

For the first time I am going to confess what it was that embittered the last three years of my high school life, more than forty years ago.

We were all fourteen. My neighbor, John K——, had been my playmate in childhood. He had many undesirable qualities and we were no longer intimate, but he was a boy of ability. He had mechanical aptitude, artistic perception, and was a nature lover. He was cherished by worthy parents, but at this age he conceived a loathing for school. It was the fault of the system—but that is another story.

Each morning during the beautiful spring weather he started for school with the other boys, equipped with books and lunch-box. Each afternoon he joined them on their homeward journey of one and one-half miles; but it was an open secret that he spent each fine day in woods and fields.

One day the principal called me to his private office. "You are a minister's daughter," he said, "and I think I can make you understand. Is it anything to *you* whether K—— grows to be a bad man or a good one?"

He knew I did not like the boy, but he could see how very much I cared that he should be a good man.

"Well, K——'s father says that the boy watches the mails and destroys all my letters regarding him, and he asks you as an especial favor to take a note to his house whenever the boy is absent."

At first I refused. But there were in our village a number of dissolute young men. He made me feel that John was in the way of becoming like them, so, in such anguish as only those can understand who remember a sensitive and loving girlhood, I consented. When I handed the note to John K——'s mother, she took it without a word, but the

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anger and reproach that I saw in her eyes will haunt me till I die.

The next day two boys passed me on the way from school. Joe was the school wit, Charles was my hero. Joe grinned as he asked, "Are you penny post for K—— and Sons?" (This was the name of Mr. K——'s firm.) I only blushed horribly and could not speak. Charles had not even looked at me.

Two years afterward I told a girl classmate that I thought the only reason why the boys and girls had so little to do with me was that they could never forget. "Yes," she answered. "I suppose that's it. Boys never do forget such things." Her tone implied, "Neither do girls."

I lived as much wordless agony in those three years as I have since lived in any ten. I grew old in wisdom and in sorrow. I saw myself an old maid of fifty set apart to be loved only by God and little children. For all that seemed to keep me alive was the knowledge that God understood, even though he had to let me suffer for my sin. (And one may always win the love of little children.)

My anguish was so real that even now I can scarcely smile at its absurdity, and I handle very tenderly the souls of children of fourteen. AN OLD-TIME SCHOOL-GIRL.

THE VIOLIN

At the age of thirteen I entered the Phillipsburg Soldiers' Orphans School, at Watercure, Pennsylvania. My father, a private in General Sigel's corps, was killed in the battle of Gettysburg, on July 3, 1863.

On entering the institution I made up my mind that my deportment and class standing should be so perfect that I should escape all such punishments as were then in vogue.

The order of seating the scholars was distance from the teacher in proportion to deportment. Willis R. and I shared the seat farthest from the teacher, but, as a mark of special confidence, our principal gave me charge of the school-rooms and the lights.

I was the proud possessor of a violin, which enabled me to add somewhat to the entertainments at school, and the instrument reposed beneath my seat.

The days passed along, and the age of sixteen and graduation drew near, when, one evening during study hour, one of the boys, several seats nearer the teacher, crawled along the floor, opened the violin case and, scratching his fingers across the strings, suddenly aroused the school. Professor B., the teacher, thundered forth: "John, come out here." John went out.

Prof.—What did you do that for?

John—I did not do anything.

Prof.—You made a noise on your violin.

John—I did not touch the violin.

Prof.—Then who did do it?

John—That I will not tell.

Prof.—Then I shall chastise you till you do tell.

This he proceeded to do. He kept up the castigation until he was thoroughly tired out, having failed, however, in eliciting any response from me.

Within a short time it became necessary for Professor B. to find other and more congenial quarters.

Some months after graduation a visit to the old school was in order. Entering the ferryboat to cross the Ohio River to the school, whom should I encounter but Professor B. After shaking hands and exchanging the ordinary greetings, Professor B. remarked: "Do you know, John, I did you a great wrong that night?"

John—That subject does not at all interest me.

Prof.—But I want to apologize.

John—That is not at all necessary.

Prof.—Well—but how is that?

John—Well, you see, Professor, I fully realized your ignorance in such matters, so I proceeded first to pity you and then to forgive you.

Somehow this explanation did not seem to satisfy the Professor, and he kept on talking and explaining. One thing he said was: "I found out all about it afterwards." Right here was proof of his shortcomings—as it is that of any teacher who encourages tattling. If there were no other way to locate the boy who broke the window, the arguments of those who cry for law and order might be pertinent, but there generally is another and a better way.

As teacher in public schools and particularly as master of a family of boys in the Kansas State Reform School (which institution held at that time—1882—a motley array of general evil-doers from the Western plains), the author of any mischief always became known to me, and in no case did I ask one boy to tell on another; indeed, so strong was my aversion to such recourse that

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I let it be distinctly understood that the surest way to lose my respect was to tattle anything. J. S. Duss.

New Smyrna, Florida.

THE WET SPONGE

At the age of sixteen I was in the upper class of the English High School, Boston, under the charge of Thomas Sherwin, who, I think, was the wisest schoolmaster I ever knew.

During recess one day a large wet sponge was thrown against the wall of the schoolroom, delicately frescoed in water color, damaging it sadly. Just before the close of the session the master, who had noticed the damage and its evident cause, said:

"I wish that any boy who knows about the throwing of that sponge would report to me after school."

My chum and I reported accordingly, and the following conversation ensued:

"Well, boys, did you see that sponge thrown?"

"Yes, sir."

"Do you know who threw it?"

"Yes, sir."

"Did either of you throw it?"

"No, sir."

"Well, boys, I thank you for coming to me so promptly and frankly. That's all."

The next day several others went to him with the same result. Of course the matter was thoroughly talked over among the boys, and the next day the culprit, perceiving that the master would not ask who did the mischief, went to him and owned up.

I don't know whether the master had a technical right to insist that we tell him; but he knew a better way. Any boy in that class who refused to confess a misdemeanor of his own to the master would have had a hard time with the other boys. C. W. P.

Boston, Massachusetts.

THE LOCKERS

The Lyons Township High School, like all modernly equipped schools, has rooms connected with the gymnasium furnished with lockers and shower baths; and, like nearly all schools and colleges, there has been, in spite of locks, considerable trouble about the boys losing their gymnasium and athletic property. It has seemed impossible to make a successful appeal to the boys on this matter, as their moral code concerning athletic goods appears to be entirely different from that affecting other property; in this case, stealing is only "swiping."

At the opening of school last September the principal called a meeting of all the boys and the men on the faculty for the purpose of considering the situation. He gave the boys the result of his observations in the English boys' schools, where the term gentleman carries with it the idea of honesty and sportsmanship, and where athletic property needs no protection except a mark of ownership. He assured the boys of his belief that most American boys are gentlemen in the fullest sense of the term, and he assured them of his faith in them and their ability to deal with this troublesome problem. He called the boys' attention to an article ("School Review," February, 1912) on "The High School Boy's Morals," by Principal F. W. Johnson, of the University of Chicago High School, in which Principal Johnson asserts that "not only is the American high school boy often without the moral standard which prevents the appropriation of articles not his own which are within his easy reach, but steel-makers and locksmiths have not yet devised a locker which is strong enough to withstand his strength and ingenuity. Nothing that is not nailed down is absolutely safe."

The principal insisted that these statements of Principal Johnson were not true of many of his own boys. The meeting was managed so as to give perfect freedom of discussion, and resulted in developing much enthusiasm in favor of substituting honor for locks. A committee was appointed to formulate a plan; a simple plan, including a few rules and a permanent committee, was reported back to the boys; and the plan proposed, which has come to be known as "the honor system," was adopted by a vote of fifteen to one. According to this plan, all locks have been removed and a committee of boys has full charge of all matters pertaining to gymnasium and athletic goods. The scheme has worked almost perfectly; as far as is known, there has been no "swiping," and there has been only one case for the committee to deal with during the school year; this case the committee handled with much tact, promptness, and decision, by suspending from the gymnasium the boy implicated, his offense being a technical violation of the rules of the committee. Of course the committee has had the benefit of advice from the principal and coaches.

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The success of this experiment—for thus far it is considered only an experiment—seems to indicate that the important thing in dealing with boys of high school age is to trust them, to have faith in their ability and their good intentions, and to give them as much responsibility as possible. The question of withholding information concerning what happens in the locker-rooms never occurs now; loyalty to the cause seems to have taken the place of loyalty to the gang. The boys on the committee, which is made up of the President of the Athletic Association and two members from each of the three upper classes, have held the confidence and good will of the other boys.

La Grange, Illinois. R. W. PRINGLE.

THE CHANGED SLUG

"All the lads and lassies were masked until 9:30," so the reporter wrote it. The s failed to respond for the operator and the slug read, "All the lads and lassies were maked." The proof-reader caught it and the proofs were run off the hook. When the edition went out, that slug read "naked."

Next day the foreman gathered up all proofs, but he found none with this error, of course. He then called the operators' attention to the error and asked who corrected that story. Not an operator spoke. He then went to the individual operators and asked each, "Did you correct this story?" Not one could remember.

The managing editor then took hold and requested a reply as "becometh gentlemen." He got none. In surprise, he reasoned and demanded, but got no reply. He then appealed to the necessity for decency in a paper and to the fact that a large number of readers had been insulted, and said that it was the part of each employee to see that his particular work should be correct, and, more, that, in the interests of all and the public, nothing injurious should go through. He appealed to the men thus, not to "peach" on some one, but just keep things straight and decent. But no reply. His remarks after this were neither excellent, dignified, nor refined, but I fear to some extent true.

This was followed by all being called into the editor's department, where the history was pleasantly related and a request for information concerning it as pleasantly made, "as you are all gentlemen, and will be treated as such." No one said anything. The editor was surprised. He reasoned anew: "This was the second time an ugly error had gotten by in a valued correspondent's story. The correspondent had refused to write another line. Irate parents and young people were demanding apologies. Gentlemen, who corrected that slug?" No reply. "One, was it you? Two, three," etc. No one could remember or say a thing about it.

Said the editor: "You men are making a mistake about this. This was no accident. Had that word been miscorrected by 'mosed' or 'nasked,' or any of the possible accidental slips of machine and spelling, it would be different; but the word was changed, the n was placed there purposely to change it, and your silence says so. Gentlemen, it was a piece of malicious deviltry. It insulted a large number of persons to whom we wanted to be gracious. It has caused barriers to be placed between us and possible important news stories, and certain important social news. It has driven away our social correspondent; and do you men still want to laugh and say you can't help us rectify this matter? Blank," turning to one of the men, "if you will say that you did not do it I will believe you." His only reply was that he couldn't remember certainly, and didn't know who did it.

Result—within ten days a make-up who knew nothing about the slug was discharged "for cause," a tightening of lines everywhere, and a general show of disrespect and distrust, and within three months a summary discharge of an operator for an old offense which had nothing to do with that slug; a very ugly feeling existing to this day. Who can say the discharged were not guilty?

I have noticed in all this mighty interesting discussion that there have been fine theories of "loyalty" put forward, all of which is to cover up an ugly point that we do not want to see.

How does this sound, and how would it work?

Bad—I am going to throw a snowball through that window.

Good—You are! Well, go ahead and do it, if you will; but be prepared to take the consequences.

The Man Who Put the Slug In—I put that slug in that story.

The Other Fellow—You did. Good joke. But you be prepared to stand for it.

I venture, without fear of contradiction, the snowball would never have been thrown, nor would the slug ever have gone through,

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and nobody would have known anything about the affair but the two.

J. ERNEST FAXSON.

Lancaster, Pennsylvania.

THE SCHOOL-ROOM CLOCK

"Who Broke the Window?" is an article which has been of especial interest to me. The questions asked in connection with this article remind me of an incident which occurred in the school-room where I was teaching some time ago. During the noon hour, while I was away from the building, the clock was turned back fifteen or twenty minutes. Now this is a small matter, but such small things lead to more serious things in the way of misconduct. It happened that there was one boy in the room who would tell the truth about the matter if asked to do so. My first impulse was to ask this boy, "Who turned the clock back?" However, a moment's reflection saved me from doing that which would have caused this boy to be practically an outcast in the school, for he had been in the school but a short time. In a few minutes the bell rang and the children marched into the school-room. All the pupils were waiting anxiously to learn the outcome of the situation, for they were "trying" their teacher. When all were seated, I simply stated that the clock had been turned back and I wished to know who did it, and why he or she did it. No questions were asked at this time. The children were told that they might make this matter known at recess, and I added that I must know who turned the clock back before school closed. It was distinctly understood that no one person was to tell on another. When four o'clock was announced, I was no wiser than I was at first. Then the questioning began. Just one question was asked: "Do *you* know who turned the clock back?" Every answer was in the affirmative, until the guilty one was reached. This person, with a great deal of effort and manly courage, admitted having done the deed. It was my purpose to show the pupils that such a thing did not come under the head of jokes on the teacher. The pupils understood it as I desired them to, and that was the last of such pranks.

Had such a trifling matter been "passed up" at this time, there is no telling what might have happened later.

A reprimand has missed its aim unless it ends in the betterment of the child.

Pender, Nebraska. JOHN W. LANG.

We close the discussion with this incident from the experience of a former Inspector of State Schools in New York:

ANOTHER BROKEN WINDOW

I was teaching in an ungraded school. During the boys' recess one day a window was broken by a snowball. I suspected that the ball was thrown by a certain lad who had a trace of malicious mischief in his nature, and who might have done it purposely or with reckless carelessness.

So, when the boys came in, I said: "Well, you have had a jolly time snowballing, but some one has broken a window. I suppose it was an accident; but the window is broken, and it will cost something to replace it; and the general rule is that the person to whom an accident comes has to stand the consequences. If you slip down on the ice and bump your head, it is you who suffer the pain. If you break your sled, it is your loss. If you borrow another boy's sled and break it, it is your duty to make it good, and not put the expense on him.

"Now, if I had asked one of you boys to open or shut the window or fix the curtain, and he had accidentally broken the glass, I should say that the school district should foot the bill for repairs, as the boy was doing the best he could for the benefit of the school. But when the boys in their play damage the property, they ought to make it good—and I suppose the loss comes more closely upon the unlucky boy who threw the ball. I do not know which one of you it was, and I do not care to know. The boy that threw the ball knows, and I suppose several of the others also know. The only thing that concerns me is to have this glass replaced, and then suggest that snowballs would better not be thrown in the direction of the school-house."

The lad I suspected said: "I broke the window, but I didn't mean to, and I will pay for it." Another little fellow said: "John was no more to blame than the rest of us; it just happened to be him, and I will help pay." "So will I," said two or three others. Then a "big boy" added, "If the boys will buy the glass and putty, I will put in the pane for them."

I may add that "John" was a more careful boy after that, and became a law-abiding, prosperous citizen.

South Bend, Indiana. CHARLES T. ANDREWS.

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THE WORK OF A WAR CORRESPONDENT

EVERY day for some time last autumn our newspapers reprinted despatches from the Vienna "Reichspost." They were sent to it by Lieutenant Hermenegild Wagner, "the only correspondent with the Bulgarian army at the front." The despatches seemed to confirm this statement. They had the note and the tone of authority. At the same time men inquired, "Why Lieutenant Wagner?" For the other correspondents were languishing at Sofia, the capital of Bulgaria, and later at Mustapha Pasha, far from the actual theater of war. If the Bulgarian Government had chosen to exclude all correspondents from the front, why did they except Lieutenant Wagner? We find a reply in a recent volume, "With the Victorious Bulgarians" (Houghton Mifflin Company). In it we search in vain for his authorization by the Bulgarian General Staff to go to the front. But we do find that if any one had been authorized, it might have well been Lieutenant Hermenegild Wagner.

Few among the correspondents could have matched Lieutenant Wagner's qualifications. He says: "I was able to bring to bear upon my task more certain guarantees of success than any of my competitors could command." This came about because he was intimately familiar with the languages and customs of the Balkan Peninsula. Lieutenant Wagner grew up there, and, as a boy, learned to speak Bulgarian, Servian, and Bosnian. Thus he absorbed such a knowledge of the manner of Balkan thinking and doing as could never have been obtained from books or, indeed, from later observation. At the University of Vienna the youth naturally devoted himself to studying the history of the Balkan peoples. Then, as a reserve officer, he enlarged his military education by special studies in this direction. Afterwards he took up reporting; he was special correspondent in Servia at the time when King Alexander and Queen Draga were murdered, and was also special correspondent in Montenegro during the affair of the bombs. Then, at Serajevo, the capital of Bosnia, he founded a German daily paper, the "Serajevoer Tagblatt." Finally he became the Vienna "Reichspost's" correspondent in the present war.

The Bulgarian Government had moved the newspaper correspondents to Mustapha Pasha. "This hospitable place," says Lieutenant Wagner, "was a kind of trap for the correspondents. No one there could see or hear of anything that happened; and if, nevertheless, one of them went to see the censor with a beautiful despatch," in the course of which the correspondent "tried to make up for the lack of precise knowledge by a brilliant imagination, his message seldom reached the newspaper to which it was addressed."

Through the connivance of a major whom he had known, Lieutenant Wagner escaped from Mustapha Pasha by a military train going towards Adrianople. On the train "the red armlet, denoting the war correspondent, wandered away into my little bag." At Adrianople the Lieutenant saw at close range the artillery duel between the forts of the Bulgarian batteries. On the return to telegraph stations, when it came to sending despatches, the red badge appeared again to mystify the directors of telegraph offices who had never seen a war correspondent. They took the insignia for that of a commissariat officer. The despatches were sent. Then came the embarrassment of paying for them. Just why a commissariat should want to pay cash down for telegrams the telegraph office directors could not, of course, understand. Lieutenant Wagner leaves us in the dark as to how he extricated himself from this difficulty.

All this and Lieutenant Wagner's description of the war between Bulgaria and Turkey is prefatory to what may have been one of his main purposes in writing the book—namely, to describe the limitations on the work of a war correspondent of to-day.

It is a mistake, this author declares, to believe that a war correspondent's business consists in his "spending his whole time in riding or tramping about on the firing line or at the outposts, or creeping round in shelter-trenches so that he may have impressions to send to his readers." This would be impossible for two reasons. First, information obtained in this way could apply only to isolated and local incidents of a battle; the battles of to-day cover too great an extent of ground for the description of anything but such incidents; that is, if the old-style war correspondents' methods are pursued. As applied to the Balkan war, Lieutenant Wagner writes: "I grant that I could have seen only a part of what I telegraphed to my newspaper."

Second, we have now to consider an ele-

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ment which never existed formerly, namely, "the emptiness of a battlefield"—as it is called—caused by the use of smokeless powder and also by a more abundant use of cover by both adversaries. It is often difficult even for the most practiced eye to see where the troops are and what they are doing. Hence a correspondent who wants to give to his newspaper a punctual and yet at the same time a complete, clear, and correct account cannot do better, we are told, than to place himself in close relation with those quarters where full reports of the movements are received. Of course the correspondent can supplement and enliven this, says Lieutenant Wagner, by adding his personal impressions.

Thus a heroic and romantic epoch is past. "The war correspondent of to-day is no longer the knight-errant of the year so-and-so," declares Lieutenant Wagner. In those days the journalist could accompany the marching columns and ride out into the battlefield in search of personal impressions to send home. The famous Russian general Skobeleff, for instance, agreed to a whole staff of correspondents riding to the front with him.

The work of the famous English war correspondents was like that of a soldier in the field. To-day it is like the business of a diplomatist. Why? Because the war correspondent's most serious task, avers Lieutenant Wagner, is to get at more information than the official bulletins afford, "and, with the extraordinary way in which secrecy is now observed as to even the most unimportant operations, this is, as I can assert from personal experience, never an easy task and often a very thankless one."

To show how hard the task is in the present war, Lieutenant Wagner describes the difficulties put in the way of war correspondents by the Bulgarian Government when they attempted to obtain any information in what had often been the usual way, or, when obtained, to transmit such information by the ordinary channels. To this end the war correspondents were kept back far from the front, and were forbidden to publish any information concerning the following subjects:

The organization of the army corps.
The strength of the troops.
The distribution of the troops.
The preparations in progress.
The view of the general staff or of subordinate commanders.
The working of the line of communications.
The distribution of the reserves.
The designation of the corps moving to any point.
The army's equipment.
The armament of the fortifications.
The working of the supply department.
The general health of the troops.
The effect of the enemy's fire.
The numbers and names of the killed and wounded.
The departure or arrival of troops.
The carrying out of marches.
The condition of the railways.
The traffic capacity of the railways.
The condition of the wagon roads.
The reverses or defeats of the Bulgarian troops.
The orders, dispositions, and arrangements of the generals and the staff.

To which was added the injunction:

The information obtained about the enemy, if it is published, should in no way prejudice the Intelligence Department's future work.

Finally, all letters and postal packages were to be left open to be dealt with by the censor, and the censorship was severe. Photographs were to be taken only by special permission of the commandant of the district.

All the above is thus summarized: "It was categorically forbidden to send any news that was at all worth knowing or to take any steps by which one could get possession of any such news."

Yet Lieutenant Wagner adds: "I am far from making any complaint against the leaders of the Bulgarian army." Their regulations, he admits, "were, no doubt, absolutely necessary in the interests of victory for the Bulgarian arms." More than once it has happened that, through the news sent by war correspondents, operations, so far secret, were revealed to the enemy. Lieutenant Wagner instances the Franco-German War, when, by means of news telegraphed from London to Berlin, the German staff got its first information of MacMahon's flank march to the relief of Metz, where Bazaine was then shut up; the German leaders were thus enabled at once to take the necessary steps for the operations against MacMahon's army, the result being the disaster suffered by France at Sedan.

The war correspondent may lay down this book disheartened. He will admit that, in past wars, certain correspondents did treat military matters in a fatuous if not in a mischievous way, and that this is reason enough, in any later war, for a thorough supervision so that no harm may come to the army which the correspondents are accompanying. On the other hand, the true war correspondent will contend,

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we are sure, that the mischief done by the wrong type finds its counterpart in the service rendered by the right kind.

It may be that all correspondents must be lumped together, as in Bulgaria. But it may also very well be that a sharp discrimination should be made among them. For, in our opinion, the right kind of newspaper correspondent can do more than can any other man to bring about a proper understanding of what an army and navy should mean, both in personnel and material, and of the problems to be faced in war. To apply this to ourselves, it would be well for the American navy to have the best newspaper men accompany the fleets on their cruises and observe the work being done.

But whether to observe peace maneuvers or those of actual war, those men must be carefully chosen. Of course they must be as incapable as are army and navy officers themselves of divulging anything that ought not to be divulged. In other words, the correspondent ought to be chosen on the theory that he is, for the time being, a part of the military and naval arm, and as such is in a position of high responsibility, just as honorably bound to meet his service and obligations as is an army or navy officer, and, in case of failure, to be as sternly punished. Indeed, he must be the interpreter and champion of those officers and of the enlisted men to their countrymen.

As to interpretation, we have but to remember the names of Archibald Forbes, Aloysius McGahan, and Frank Millet to be aware that a generation ago in the Balkan Peninsula there were men who not only gave to the world the pictures of what went on there, but who wrote in such a way as to become in large measure responsible for the opinion of civilized and humane people concerning conditions in that region, the necessity of dealing with them by armed force, and the problems facing the forces.

But it is a far cry from the triumphs and reverses of Plevna and the Shipka Pass in 1877–8 to those of Lule Burgas and Adrianople. The military experts who directed the Boer War, 1899–1902, the Russo-Japanese War, 1904–5, and now the Balkan War, have narrowed the newspaper man's field of observation. In the military history of the world our own age may be distinguished by the fact that the science of war in this period became a secret science.

A LAYMAN'S VIEWS OF AN ART EXHIBITION

BY THEODORE ROOSEVELT

THE recent "International Exhibition of Modern Art" in New York was really noteworthy. Messrs. Davies, Kuhn, Gregg, and their fellow-members of the Association of American Painters and Sculptors have done a work of very real value in securing such an exhibition of the works of both foreign and native painters and sculptors. Primarily their purpose was to give the public a chance to see what has recently been going on abroad. No similar collection of the works of European "moderns" has ever been exhibited in this country. The exhibitors are quite right as to the need of showing to our people in this manner the art forces which of late have been at work in Europe, forces which cannot be ignored.

This does not mean that I in the least accept the view that these men take of the European extremists whose pictures are here exhibited. It is true, as the champions of these extremists say, that there can be no life without change, no development without change, and that to be afraid of what is different or unfamiliar is to be afraid of life. It is no less true, however, that change may mean death and not life, and retrogression instead of development. Probably we err in treating most of these pictures seriously. It is likely that many of them represent in the painters the astute appreciation of the power to make folly lucrative which the late P. T. Barnum showed with his faked mermaid. There are thousands of people who will pay small sums to look at a faked mermaid; and now and then one of this kind with enough money will buy a Cubist picture, or a picture of a misshapen nude woman, repellent from every standpoint.

In some ways it is the work of the American painters and sculptors which is of most

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interest in this collection, and a glance at this work must convince any one of the real good that is coming out of the new movements, fantastic though many of the developments of these new movements are. There was one note entirely absent from the exhibition, and that was the note of the commonplace. There was not a touch of simpering, self-satisfied conventionality anywhere in the exhibition. Any sculptor or painter who had in him something to express and the power of expressing it found the field open to him. He did not have to be afraid because his work was not along ordinary lines. There was no stunting or dwarfing, no requirement that a man whose gift lay in new directions should measure up or down to stereotyped and fossilized standards.

For all of this there can be only hearty praise. But this does not in the least mean that the extremists whose paintings and pictures were represented are entitled to any praise, save, perhaps, that they have helped to break fetters. Probably in any reform movement, any progressive movement, in any field of life, the penalty for avoiding the commonplace is a liability to extravagance. It is vitally necessary to move forward and to shake off the dead hand, often the fossilized dead hand, of the reactionaries; and yet we have to face the fact that there is apt to be a lunatic fringe among the votaries of any forward movement. In this recent art exhibition the lunatic fringe was fully in evidence, especially in the rooms devoted to the Cubists and the Futurists, or Near-Impressionists. I am not entirely certain which of the two latter terms should be used in connection with some of the various pictures and representations of plastic art—and, frankly, it is not of the least consequence. The Cubists are entitled to the serious attention of all who find enjoyment in the colored puzzle pictures of the Sunday newspapers. Of course there is no reason for choosing the cube as a symbol, except that it is probably less fitted than any other mathematical expression for any but the most formal decorative art. There is no reason why people should not call themselves Cubists, or Octagonists, or Parallelopipedonists, or Knights of the Isosceles Triangle, or Brothers of the Cosine, if they so desire; as expressing anything serious and permanent, one term is as fatuous as another. Take the picture which for some reason is called "A naked man going down stairs." There is in my bath-room a really good Navajo rug which, on any proper interpretation of the Cubist theory, is a far more satisfactory and decorative picture. Now if, for some inscrutable reason, it suited somebody to call this rug a picture of, say, "A well-dressed man going up a ladder," the name would fit the facts just about as well as in the case of the Cubist picture of the "Naked man going down stairs." From the standpoint of terminology, each name would have whatever merit inheres in a rather cheap straining after effect; and from the standpoint of decorative value, of sincerity, and of artistic merit, the Navajo rug is infinitely ahead of the picture.

As for many of the human figures in the pictures of the Futurists, they show that the school would be better entitled to the name of the "Past-ists." I was interested to find that a man of scientific attainments who had likewise looked at the pictures had been struck, as I was, by their resemblance to the later work of the paleolithic artists of the French and Spanish caves. There are interesting samples of the strivings for the representation of the human form among artists of many different countries and times, all in the same stage of paleolithic culture, to be found in a recent number of the "Revue d'Ethnographie." The paleolithic artist was able to portray the bison, the mammoth, the reindeer, and the horse with spirit and success, while he still stumbled painfully in the effort to portray man. This stumbling effort in his case represented progress, and he was entitled to great credit for it. Forty thousand years later, when entered into artificially and deliberately, it represents only a smirking pose of retrogression, and is not praiseworthy. So with much of the sculpture. A family group of precisely the merit that inheres in a structure made of the wooden blocks in a nursery is not entitled to be reproduced in marble. Admirers speak of the kneeling female figure by Lehmbruck—I use "female" advisedly, for although obviously mammalian it is not especially human—as "full of lyric grace," as "tremendously sincere," and "of a jewel-like preciousness." I am not competent to say whether these words themselves represent sincerity or merely a conventional jargon; it is just as easy to be conventional about the fantastic as about the commonplace. In any event one might as well speak of the "lyric grace" of a praying mantis, which adopts much the same attitude; and why a deformed pelvis should

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be called "sincere," or a tibia of giraffe-like length "precious," is a question of pathological rather than artistic significance. This figure and the absurd portrait head of some young lady have the merit that inheres in extravagant caricature. It is a merit, but it is not a high merit. It entitles these pieces to stand in sculpture where nonsense rhymes stand in literature and the sketches of Aubrey Beardsley in pictorial art. These modern sculptured caricatures in no way approach the gargoyles of Gothic cathedrals, probably because the modern artists are too self-conscious and make themselves ridiculous by pretentiousness. The makers of the gargoyles knew very well that the gargoyles did not represent what was most important in the Gothic cathedrals. They stood for just a little point of grotesque reaction against, and relief from, the tremendous elemental vastness and grandeur of the Houses of God. They were imps, sinister and comic, grim and yet futile, and they fitted admirably into the framework of the theology that found its expression in the towering and wonderful piles which they ornamented.

Very little of the work of the extremists among the European "moderns" seems to be good in and for itself; nevertheless it has certainly helped any number of American artists to do work that is original and serious; and this not only in painting but in sculpture. I wish the exhibition had contained some of the work of the late Marcius Symonds; very few people knew or cared for it while he lived; but not since Turner has there been another man on whose canvas glowed so much of that unearthly "light that never was on land or sea." But the exhibition contained so much of extraordinary merit that it is ungrateful even to mention an omission. To name the pictures one would like to possess—and the bronzes and tanagras and plasters—would mean to make a catalogue of indefinite length. One of the most striking pictures was the "Terminal Yards"—the seeing eye was there, and the cunning hand. I should like to mention all the pictures of the President of the association, Arthur B. Davies. As first-class decorative work of an entirely new type, the very unexpected pictures of Sheriff Bob Chandler have a merit all their own. The "Arizona Desert," the "Canadian Night," the group of girls on the roof of a New York tenement-house, the studies in the Bronx Zoo, the "Heracles," the studies for the Utah monument, the little group called "Gossip," which has something of the quality of the famous Fifteenth Idyl of Theocritus, the "Pelf," with its grim suggestiveness—these, and a hundred others, are worthy of study, each of them; I am naming at random those which at the moment I happen to recall. I am not speaking of the acknowledged masters, of Whistler, Puvis de Chavannes, Monet; nor of John's children; nor of Cézanne's old woman with a rosary; nor of Redon's marvelous color pieces—a worthy critic should speak of these. All I am trying to do is to point out why a layman is grateful to those who arranged this exhibition.

THE VISION

BY H. PERCIVAL ALLEN

Alone among the hills
He saw the vision;
Across the unused fields that once were green
The winds like whispering comrades to him crept;
Where in the elms the sun was seen
He saw the vision.

Alone from day to day
He saw the vision;
For him the hours were filled with silver light,
There was no shade, no gloom, no night for him,
All else might fade, the sun take flight—
He saw the vision.

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JAPAN TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW

BY HAMILTON W. MABIE

SECOND ARTICLE

HOLIDAYS IN KAMAKURA

CHRISTMAS is beginning to find recognition in Japan, but New Year's inaugurates the great popular holiday. Its celebration is preceded by an amount of work which rivals the toil involved in preparing for Christmas at home. The business of the country comes almost to a standstill, while accounts are made out and settled, balances struck, the bills of the tradesmen paid, and obligations of every kind discharged. The old year washes its hands, so to speak, before it welcomes the new year; and Japan starts on January first with a clean page. The exchange of presents is universal, as is the exchange of good wishes in the form of cards of various kinds, many of them of delightful artistic quality; for arrears of friendship are settled as punctiliously as arrears of money. Friends who have removed to new localities, or have drifted apart, or have lost touch with one another, reknit the severed ties, and all Japan becomes a household, as it was in the early days.

The Post-Office Department is brought to the verge of despair by the unusual strain on its resources, and the mails fall into most inconvenient arrears. The nation is still in mourning for the late Emperor, and many festivities are shorn of their gayer aspects; but the burden of mail distribution was not perceptibly lightened; for the Japanese, who are punctilious in the observance of the amenities of social life, sent cards to their friends explaining why the usual messages of remembrance and good will were not despatched! The fact that everybody understood why congratulatory cards were not winged for their customary flight did not absolve these polite people from the customary courtesies.

New Yorkers who are fond of recalling the good old times when a man could know the whole town, so to speak, sometimes lament a growth which has made the pleasant habit of exchanging New Year's visits impossible. Thirty years ago it was still possible to meet men with a look of determination on their faces and a long list of addresses in their pockets, making their way by carriage or car, or on foot, from Washington Square to Forty-second Street, bent on renewing old acquaintances and recalling old-time associations. It was a day of much running to and fro, of too much eating of attractive indigestibles, and sometimes of drinking too many glasses of wine; but it was a pleasant survival of the colonial city which began at the Battery and ended at the City Hall; and there were few who followed the ancient custom who were not persuaded that it was a habit which originated when New York was a Dutch village.

But most new things in the Far West are old things in the Far East, and the exchange of visits between friends is a custom of immemorial antiquity in Japan; and gentlemen in ceremonial dress, attended by a secretary or servant, are seen going about town even in a season of national mourning.

The Capital is shorn of its picturesqueness of decoration this year; but in smaller communities the festival, while less brilliantly dressed, so to speak, does not lack its customary holiday aspects, and the friendliness of the vacation is more in evidence among small shopkeepers and poorer people than among the well-to-do. For New Year's in Japan is a vacation even more than a holiday. The schools are closed for a week; and for three days there is cessation of business. On the fourth day men meet in the offices and shops and exchange experiences, and say to one another, "Now business begins again;" but, as a matter of fact, business does not take itself very seriously for a week.

In Kamakura by the sea the narrow streets are still, a week after New Year's Day, more given over to sociability than to affairs. As one looks down them they seem more like lanes for rustic festivity than for buying and selling. In front of every house or shop tall rods of bamboo in leaf, or tall branches of pine, are set up, and the street has the appearance of a road through the woods. The decoration is symbolic, as most things are in Japan; the pine standing for vigorous age, and the bamboo, with its smooth joints, for uprightness. Across the front of the shop or house a rope or cord, the sign of delimitation or ownership, is stretched, and from this slips of white paper flutter in the wind. These are the ancient symbols of

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purification, and keep out evil spirits. The same symbols flutter on the fishing-boats drawn up on the beach. Over the gates of entrance to little courts or to larger grounds a knot of rope twisted from right to left to express thankfulness, a bit of fern, of lobster, and an orange, are often seen; the fern signifying by its many branches the fruitfulness so evident in the Japanese streets as well as in the well-worked fields; the lobster the hope that one may live to be as bent by age; and to the initiated the message of the orange reads "from generation to generation." In Japan the family is the unit of society, and the worship of ancestors is a very natural projection into the future of the passion of filial loyalty and devotion which has been one of the finest products of Japanese history and one of the deepest sources of the strength of the nation.

Nowhere else in the world are the children more in evidence than in Japan. They form a little audience whenever the foreigner appears, and study his dress and movements with naïve interest; as a rule they are courteous and ready to smile on the slightest provocation. It is true that in certain localities they sometimes call after the foreigner with offensive epithets which he does not understand, but this is not common, and the expression of ill will never goes beyond words. An automobile rushing through the narrow streets of a village scatters terror far and wide, but it seems to be a terror not without its pleasure; for the whole village turns out *en masse*, and the children, once out of danger, laugh and cheer, and a kind of *camaraderie* of the road is established.

On New Year's Day every girl has a new kimono, and the little children and babies are fairly ablaze with color; and the narrow streets become a gay kaleidoscope of brilliant little figures. They are full of these fascinating little people, running to and fro and filling the air with shouts and laughter. All Japan seems to give itself over to battledore and shuttlecock; every child has a new equipment for the sport, and the older children enter into it as heartily as their youngest kindred. The battledores are gay with color; on many of them are raised figures gorgeously attired. As one goes about the village he feels that he is present at a family festival, and everybody is kin to everybody else. There is no Santa Claus in Japan; but the kindly spirit which presides over New Year's seems to have a pleasant word and a remembrance for man and maid, for master and servant, for those who have fulfilled the symbolism of the lobster and for those who are keeping the promise of the orange.

The images of the gods are not forgotten, if the figures in the Buddhist and Shinto temples may be loosely described as gods. On every altar there are little gifts of rice, the chief source of wealth in Japan; and the orange, which also grows abundantly, is not lacking. In earlier times one of the conventional gifts was fish; and to-day every gift between friends is accompanied by a little token of folded paper with a shred of dried fish. When the sun shines in Japan, a January day has a genial warmth; and on New Year's Day the sky was full of light, the air had the kindly touch of April, and all the village world was out of doors. The long, straight road that leads from the sea to the ancient temple of Hachiman, standing on a hill at the end of the stately avenue of pines, was thronged with people and gay with children. The open place before the doors of the temple was merry with particolored little figures and noisy with the whir of the sacred pigeons which fly about the temples here as they fly about St. Mark's in Venice. Some of the children were led to the open places before the altar and bowed low before the sacred images, but to the greater number it seemed a bit of playground.

The only hilarious person who has crossed our path in this season of festivity was a man whose gayety almost reconciled one to his excessive indulgence in *saké*. He was overflowing with politeness. He explained that he was a stonemason who had a new job with a foreigner, that he liked foreigners, and was so happy in his good fortune that he had gone too far with the bowl. He spoke very strongly of the historical interest of Kamakura; foreigners, he said, could not be supposed to know the thousand stories that made almost every tree and stone in the town memorable, but that the Japanese should be ignorant of these things filled him with rage. When last seen he was walking over the long bridge to Enoshima, voluble with local patriotism. It is significant that in Japan when a man loses control of himself he overflows with good nature and politeness.

But the Japanese show no lack of interest in their own history, and travel in large numbers to all parts of the islands to visit the places associated with great persons or events. Kamakura has been full of strangers—

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many of them university students—during holiday time; and it may be suspected that for many of them the temples are interesting chiefly from an artistic or historic point of view. Kamakura is a village to-day, with many Japanese summer villas; but eight hundred years ago it was the capital of Eastern Japan, with a population, so the tradition runs, of half the size of Tokyo's. Here the foundations of the system of feudalism, which gave Japan a great discipline of order and obedience, were laid by Yoritomo, the first of the long line of Shoguns, who made the Emperor so much a divine person that he could not exercise the functions of government, and who continued to relieve him of that responsibility until the Restoration in 1868. The town has had a dramatic history; it grew from a fishing village into a great capital; it has been the scene of as many factional contests as Perugia or Verona; it has been sacked and burned and shaken by earthquakes and swept by tidal waves; and now it is a beautiful refuge from the heat and noise of the cities and from the cold of the extreme north. Its story reminds one of Frank Stockton's reformed pirate, who forsook murder and pillage and spent his old age knitting tidies!

But the old age of Kamakura is an old age of achievement, of stirring history, and of a ripe and beautiful serenity. The last hour of the old year was commemorated by very distinct shocks of earthquake by way of reminding the town that great age is not exempt from agitating experiences.

The framing of verdure in which Old Japan is set gives Kamakura a background of the depth and richness found only in very old countries. The narrow lanes on which the houses stand are walled by bamboo fences, often so thickly woven that the dust cannot sift through, and securing a privacy less oppressive but not less complete than the privacy of brick and stone in other countries. Over these screens of light wood the pines lean in friendly familiarity, and hedges of evergreen give tone to the long street of pale bamboo rods. Every temple is set in an oasis of green and approached by long flights of stone steps now so much a part of the landscape that they seem more like the handiwork of nature than of forgotten builders. Of old Kamakura little remains save the temples, and one may begin turning the pages of its ancient history by passing under the *torii* at the end of the long, bustling business street and climbing the old moss-grown steps to the Temple of Kwannon, the Goddess of Mercy. At the door he will wait a moment to look over the town at his feet, half hidden even on New Year's Day in fresh and tender green, and at the quiet sea. The colossal image stands in a darkness only slightly dispelled by the dim light of candles raised aloft by a primitive device of pulleys, in the vague glow of which one sees the dull gleam of the gilded lacquer figure and a great face vaguely eloquent with age and worship. On a low hill not far distant stands the Daibutsu, or Great Buddha, probably the greatest work of art in Japan. In a country which has produced such a host of delicate craftsmen, and fashioned so many things of exquisite beauty on a miniature scale, this figure emerges like the creation of a more daring genius. It is not simply a colossal figure, a mass of bronze towering above the mass of green in which it stands; it is a great work of art, not only in scale but in subtle mastery of surfaces and in harmony of proportions. Mr. La Farge has said that it is not "a little thing made big, like our modern colossal statues; it has always been big, and would be so if reduced to life size." Accustomed as Western lovers of art are to associate great statues with distinction of individuality, vitality of expression, energy poised on the verge of action, as in the impressive Moses in Rome, the indomitable Colleoni in Venice, the marching Sherman in New York, the powerful Lincoln in Chicago, the Great Buddha seems at first not only alien in feature but vague and elusive in expression. One must see the figure many times and learn to approach it from the Oriental point of view before its sweet and noble beauty reveals itself. Our great statues are of powerful men arrested for a moment in mid-action; this is the figure of one who has passed beyond action; for whom the experience of thought, of feeling, of doing—the whole process of living, in a word—lies far behind and has become matter for meditation. Passion has been subdued, knowledge mastered, the whole nature harmonized; and out of the storm of life Buddha has emerged into a great calm, and is sunk deep in brooding meditation. A fathomless silence enfolds the great figure, and a wonderful sweetness lies in the tenderly molded lips; perfect knowledge has bred perfect charity, infinite patience has been

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born out of pain, and in the all-embracing comprehension of eternity all frailties and follies are buried fathoms below memory.

Mr. Basil Chamberlain, who has written about Japan with breadth of knowledge, has well said: "He who has time should visit the Daibutsu repeatedly; for, like Niagara, like St. Peter's, and several other of the greatest works of nature and of art, it fails to produce its full effect on a first or even on a second visit; but the impression it produces grows on the beholder each time that he gazes afresh at the calm, intellectual, passionless face, which seems to concentrate in itself the whole philosophy of Buddhism—the triumph of mind over sense, of eternity over fleeting time, of the enduring majesty of Nirvana over the trivial prattle, the transitory agitations, of mundane existence."

Nothing is known of the maker of the Great Buddha save his name; and for him, as for Shakespeare, there is no need of any other record save the autobiography of a noble work of art set up in a splendid temple about eight hundred years ago. Tidal waves have twice swept away its shelter, and it stands now under the open sky, a group of pine trees gathered about it, and in a silence broken only by the murmur of the wind among the pine needles. The eyes, which are of pure gold, are looking down and nearly closed; they have seen the whole spectacle of life, and nothing remains save the illumination of thought. The figure rests in the repose of eternity, but it is full of power; the folds of the robe it wears have the quality of the Greek draperies—they are without weight. One has the feeling that the Great Buddha could rise and go down the ways of the world, if he chose; but all that is long passed. There is a wooded hill not far away from which one looks down on the head and shoulders of the Buddha, rising out of a sea of foliage like some great figure of a prehistoric age surviving a submerged world. On the other side of the hill Fujiyama shines between the branches of the pines. "The trees rustle and wave behind it, and the light dances up and down the green boughs with the wind; it must move—but there is no change, and it shall sit forever." In its presence irritation, anger, fear, have no place; it is the incarnation of the peace beyond death. The birds fly about it and settle on its vast shoulders undisturbed.

Kamakura is not overshadowed by its age nor subdued in spirit by the brooding figure among the trees; its streets are full of the sounds of life, and in holiday time it is resonant with the merry cries of children; and, in spite of earthquakes, one finds it a happy setting for a new act in the drama of life which has been so long played in its streets and homes and temples.

THE HOME TRAINING OF CHILDREN

BY H. ADDINGTON BRUCE

THERE are important and scientifically established reasons for beginning the education of the child far sooner than is now commonly the rule—for beginning it, in fact, while he is still a mere infant crooning to himself in his cradle or playing about the floor of his nursery.

It is not alone, or chiefly, mental growth that should be aimed at in the scheme of early home training. If it is well to habituate a child from the first dawning of his intelligence to the proper use of his reasoning powers, it is still more essential to apply to his education methods that will result in a stable moral development. As Professor M. E. Sadler has tersely but truly said: "The question of moral education is the heart of the educational problem. If it is neglected, education is a peril." This has long been recognized, and it has also been recognized that the prevailing educational system is conspicuously inefficient in this respect. It was Horace Mann's observation that for every man who fails from intellectual defect there are ten who fail from moral defect. Or, as Dr. Morton Prince said to me not long ago, "What the world really needs is not more brains but more character."

Now, just as the story of Karl Witte, which I have already told in part in The Outlook, contains many hints valuable to parents who wish to see their children develop into men and women mentally as alert and vigorous as

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possible, so also is it helpful from the point of view of character-building. For primarily it was not the elder Witte's purpose to make his son a "learned" man. What he wished to do was to make him an all-around man, strong physically and morally as well as mentally. If he rightly believed that the boy's reasoning powers could not be properly developed unless he were trained from earliest infancy in the principles of sound reasoning, he was quite as firmly convinced that the process of moral development should likewise begin at the earliest possible moment. He believed this because he instinctively appreciated the truth of a law on which modern scientific investigators are nowadays laying ever-increasing stress—the so-called law of psychological determinism.

Stated briefly, this law, with which all parents ought to be acquainted, affirms that every occurrence in the moral life of a man is indissolubly associated with, and determined by, previous occurrences, and especially by the occurrences and influences of early childhood. "If you have the happiness to be a well-living man," says Dr. Paul Dubois, one of the foremost exponents of the philosophy of determinism, "take care not to attribute the credit of it to yourself. Remember the favorable conditions in which you have lived, surrounded by relatives who loved you and set you a good example; do not forget the close friends who have taken you by the hand and led you away from the quagmires of evil; keep a grateful remembrance for all the teachers who have influenced you, the kind and intelligent schoolmaster, the devoted pastor; realize all these multiple influences which have made of you what you are. Then you will remember that such and such a culprit has not in his sad life met with these favorable conditions, that he had a drunken father or a foolish mother, and that he has lived without affection, exposed to all kinds of temptation. You will then take pity upon this disinherited man, whose mind has been nourished upon malformed mental images, begetting evil sentiments, such as immoderate desire or social hatred."

In the case of the "spoiled" child, equally with that of the neglected one, the determinist sees the implanting of seeds certain soon or late to ripen into a harvest of moral flabbiness. And his cry, consequently, is for the beginning of moral education in the first years of childhood, so that by the time the child reaches school age he will have acquired a view-point and strength of character sufficient to enable him to resist the allurements of companions of perhaps vicious, or at all events morally weak, tendencies.

So convinced was Witte of the supreme importance of environment as a factor in moral development that he even laid down rules to be strictly observed by the maid-of-all-work, a simple but good-hearted peasant girl, in her dealings with the child. The whole family life, in fact, was regulated with a view to "suggesting" to the child ideas which, taking root in the subconscious region of his mind, would tend soon or late to affect his moral outlook and exercise a lasting influence on his conduct. Hasty words, disputes, discussion of unpleasant subjects, all these things were scrupulously avoided. In their relations with one another, as with the little serving-maid and all who visited the Witte home, the parents displayed only those characteristics with which they wished to imbue their son. They were unfailingly genial, courteous, considerate, and sympathetic. Over and above all this, they set him a constant example of diligence, of that earnest activity which is of itself a most forceful form of moral discipline.

At the earliest possible moment, too, as I have already said in my account of Karl Witte's intellectual education, his father began by systematic personal effort to train the child in habits of earnest activity on his own account. It was his belief that by grounding him from the start in the elements of logical reasoning, and by inspiring him with an enthusiasm for the acquisition of sound knowledge, he would appreciably promote his moral no less than his mental growth. His first step, as we know, was to familiarize Karl with, and interest him in, the names, properties, and uses of the common, every-day objects in his bedroom. His second was to give him exactitude both of thought and expression by drilling him, with tireless persistency, in the proper pronunciation of the letters of the German alphabet. His third was gradually to widen the boy's mental horizon by taking him on walks in which he made him acquainted with the facts of the material world in which he lived. In these walks and talks he also took good care to cultivate in the boy the precious gift of imagination, on which the moral as well as the mental life of man so largely depends.

When, for example, they went hand in hand along the roads and across the fields of

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Lochau, it was not alone rudiments of botany, physics, chemistry, natural history, and the like, that Witte taught his son. No; he deftly led him to appreciate the beauty and mystery inherent in the workings of nature, led him to feel that there was always something beyond and transcending the outward actualities. When he told him stories of the ancient world, or showed him pictures of historic episodes, it was not simply with a view to interesting him in the study of history. The pathos, the grandeur, the tragedy, the heroism, or whatever it might be, exemplified in the particular story or picture was also brought out clearly. So, likewise, in familiarizing him with the quiet life of Lochau itself, in introducing him to its mills, its shops, its cottage homes and their humble dwellers, Witte constantly endeavored to make his son perceive, beneath the sordid and petty and sometimes repellent externals, phases which, by appealing to his kindled imagination, would arouse sentiments of true sympathy.

"Remember, dear Karl," he would say, "these poor people have not had the advantages enjoyed by you. If they do not speak correctly, if they do not always behave as they ought, it is because they have not been taught properly in their youth. You must not do as they do, but neither must you condemn them. On the contrary, remember that they are God's children, like yourself, and that in spite of their shortcomings they are very precious to him."

Always it was one of Witte's chief objects to keep his son as free as possible from anything that might make for harshness, narrowness, and intolerance in later years. Even while Karl was still not more than three or four Witte did not deem it too early to attempt by rebuke and admonition to instill into him the idea that he ought to guard his tongue closely to avoid hurting the feelings of other people. All children, as is well known, are inclined to "speak out in meeting," and frequently their "cute" comments, which many parents applaud as evidences of keen observational power, convey a sting to the person commented on. So soon as this universal trait of childhood appeared in little Karl his father set about suppressing it, and at the same time sought to utilize it as an aid in his moral education. The occasion arose following a thoughtless remark by the child regarding some slight eccentricity in the behavior of a certain Herr N., a friend of the family. When father and son were alone, the former asked:

"Why did you speak of Herr N. as you did?"

"Because what I said was true."

"I grant that. It was true—it was, indeed, very true. But that is no reason why you should have said it. It was neither good nor kind of you. Did you not see how disturbed he became? He would say nothing back, perhaps because of the love he bears for us. But it pained him very much that a child should say anything so unpleasant to him. If he is unhappy to-day, the fault is yours."

Witte tells us, in his remarkable book on the education of his son—a work which it is to be hoped will some day be translated into English—that it was not long before Karl acquired the excellent habit of "putting himself in the other fellow's place" before uttering any censorious judgments. Similarly, and with equal success, his father endeavored to broaden his sympathies so as to include the brute creation. It happened one day, when Karl was about three years old, that there were at his home a number of guests, who made much of the child, naturally to his great delight. While they were talking to him the family dog came into the room, and Karl, as any child might, playfully caught it by the tail and drew it to him. As he did so, his father, putting out his hand, caught Karl himself by his long hair and pulled it exactly as he was pulling the tail of the dog. Karl turned, saw his father's indignant look, blushed crimson, and released the dog.

At once his father released him, and demanded:

"How did you like that?"

"Not at all," was the embarrassed answer.

"Well, then, do you think the dog liked it? Now go out to the yard."

"I sent him out," Witte says, "not only as a punishment, but because I saw that some of my guests were about to open their lips to take his part and to blame me—in his presence!—for my treatment of him. But one of them, speaking suddenly, said:

"'God bless you, dear friend. If Karl, as I believe he is certain to do, shall grow to be a good man, he will thank you heartily for this lesson. I wish to heaven we thus and always handled our children. Then they would be sure to learn to treat animals kindly, and by so much the more to treat their fellow-men kindly.'"

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"After this," adds Witte, dryly, "none of those present thought it well to say anything in criticism of me."

He had, in fact, taken precisely the course best calculated to impress on Karl the vitally important principle of kindness to all living creatures. For he had brought this principle home to him in a way the child's mind could readily grasp, and without unnecessary harshness and "nagging," which, after all, only arouse those contrariant ideas that it should be the great aim of education to suppress. And it was thus that both Witte and his wife always acted in the upbringing of their boy through the critical formative period of early childhood. The moment any undesirable characteristic made its appearance they hastened to awaken in him a sense of its extreme undesirability by words and conduct that appealed forcefully both to his understanding and to his emotions.

Particularly did they appeal—and here is a point deserving of special emphasis—to his sense of filial love. That they were able to make their appeal unfailingly successful, that the child invariably found in it a compelling motive for good behavior, was due to the fact that their whole attitude towards him made him realize that he was an object of devoted, though not over-indulgent, love on their part. Never rebuked without a sufficient cause, and always more in sorrow than in anger; given a free hand in all things excepting those injurious or detrimental to him; made a companion and playmate of by both parents—he soon perceived, as any child would, that they had nothing more warmly at heart than his best interests and his happiness. Loved as he was, he gave out abundant love in return, and the great ambition of his childhood became a passionate desire to please his father and mother.

Hence it was that Witte, in carrying out his policy of early intellectual training, found no more potent spur to incite his boy to study the subjects given him than the simple statement: "You know, dear Karl, you must learn all you can so that you will be able to care for your mother and me when we are old and feeble." Hence, too, the child acquired habits of obedience, self-control, and truthfulness largely because of his anxiety not to bring pain to his parents. They, however, it is to be noted, were careful to discipline him firmly if he did commit a fault, but always in a way that caused him to appreciate the reasonableness of the punishments inflicted on him. Here is his mother's own account of how she dealt with Karl when she caught him in his first lie—a procedure which in his case certainly went far to develop a lasting horror, not only of falsehood, but of dishonesty in general:

"When Karl was four and a half years old I once went into our living-room, where, on the back of the stove, some roasted goose-liver stood ready for his father. Karl was alone in the room, and, instead of running to meet me joyously, as was his custom, he pretended not to see me, but turned to the window and seemed to be looking out of it most earnestly. I at once felt that something was wrong, went up to him, and, looking closely into his face, saw that he was quite confused.

"'What have you done, Karl?' I asked him.

"'Nothing,' he stammered.

"I saw the falsehood in his eyes, and said, firmly:

"'Karl, you are lying. Tell me the truth at once. For God knows it, and will punish you if you do not speak out.'

"He fell into my arms with streaming eyes, and said to me, sobbing bitterly:

"'Oh, dear mother, I have done something very bad. I have taken a piece of roasted liver. Forgive me only this once, I will certainly never do it again.'

"I was very much disturbed at hearing this, and said:

"'How you grieve me, my son! You have committed not one but two great sins, for you have stolen and you have lied. How could you forget that that would bring sorrow both to your Father in heaven and to us your parents? If you continue to do such things you will grow up to be a bad man, and will make me a very unhappy mother.'

"Then I sat by the window, and bowed my head on my hand, weeping. With a thousand tears he kissed my other hand and begged for forgiveness.

"'Ah, child,' said I, at last, 'if I forgave you, it would not be right. You would soon forget all about it, and would do bad things like this over and over again. I must punish you so that you will remember how great a wrong you have done. Otherwise my sorrow would soon fade from your memory, and your promise also. But the pain of the punishment will help you to remember both.'

"Again he begged me to forgive him 'only this once.' I then took him in my lap, and said, tenderly and kindly:

"'I am glad, my child, that you realize

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how bad you have been. For that I promise you I will be good to you again, and will truly love you. But now I am going to tell you a story. After you hear it you shall yourself say whether I ought to punish you, or ought to let you go unpunished.' "

It was the story of another little boy, Moritz, who, becoming extremely fond of dainties of all sorts, helped himself to some without asking permission. Blamed for this, he lied to his mother, but was forgiven by her on the ground that he was too young to know what he was doing. When he became a little older, he one day entered a confectioner's and slyly filled his pockets with bonbons. Caught in the act, he at first denied the theft, and in the end escaped scot-free because the confectioner did not want to make trouble for his family. After this he stole some money from his mother to buy dainties with, and when asked if he had taken the money threw suspicion on the serving-maid, who lost her position and could not get another. He then committed more thefts, and, always escaping punishment, gradually went from bad to worse, until he became a desperate evil-doer and perished miserably.

When she had finished the story, his mother demanded of Karl, who had been listening intently:

"Now, dear Karl, tell me yourself what must I do if I am to be a good and sensible mother?"

The reply came, sadly but firmly:

"You must punish me."

"Even if I have pardoned you in my heart?"

"Yes; else I might grow up like Moritz."

"And," Frau Witte's narrative concludes, "he took his whipping without further protest, and afterwards sobbed away the pain of it in my arms."

By all odds, though, the greatest force in the moral development of Karl Witte was the unceasing inspiration he unconsciously drew from the lives of his father and mother —from their integrity, unselfishness, patience, and strength of character. Parents cannot too soon learn that, to repeat Pastor Witte's words quoted in a previous article, but well worth repetition for the better remembrance of those who have children or hope to have children:

"Our children are what we are. They are good when we are good, and bad when we are bad. I could extend this assertion. With full conviction I could say, they become clever, magnanimous, modest, witty, agreeable, amiable, if these are our qualities. They become the opposite if we precede them with the opposite."

Or, as Dr. Dubois has so admirably put it in one of his University of Berne addresses on moral education:

"You, madam, who complain of the irritability of your little girl, could you not suppress your own, which I have seen break out, in a few words exchanged with your dear husband, immediately afterward? You, sir, who bitterly reproach your son for his impulsiveness and instability of temper, have you not these faults yourself? . . . Remember the proverb, 'The fruit does not fall far from the tree.' "

Personally also I am of Witte's belief that intellectual training along the lines followed by him in his son's upbringing is of itself an important adjunct to moral growth. Certainly, by developing the powers of observation, analysis, and inference, it makes it easier for the child to appreciate the force of any arguments advanced by the parent in the way of direct moral instruction. Besides this, by keeping the child's mind occupied with wholesome and profitable matters, it saves him from the idleness and waste of energy which, in childhood quite as much as in adult life, favor the formation of baneful habits. And, as has been said, the methods by which his mental education may best be carried on in the first years of existence are such that they may readily be applied by all parents.

It surely is not a difficult thing to begin, as Witte did, by naming to the little one the different objects he sees and touches in his bedroom. These should be named over and over to him, slowly, clearly, impressively; and the attempt should next be made to convey to him a notion of their properties, by teaching him, for example, to detect differences in color and in such qualities as hot and cold, round and square, hard and soft, rough and smooth. This can be done in one of several ways, but the best method, it seems to me, is that developed within recent years by the noted Italian educator of little children, Maria Montessori.

Her plan, in fact, with every child whose education is intrusted to her is to start by teaching it to distinguish between various touch sensations; and she does this so successfully that her pupils, aged from three to seven, are able, blindfolded, to state the differences in extremely fine gradations of

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cloths, papers, coins, and seeds. Any parent can do the same thing, beginning by drilling the child in distinguishing between massive sensations, and gradually developing delicacy of touch.

Two cards, one rough, one smooth, afford an excellent starting-point. The child touches the smooth card. "Smooth," says the parent, and "Smooth" responds the child. The little fingers are then placed on the card with the rough surface. "Rough," the child is told, and "Rough" he repeats. Only a few lessons of this sort will be found necessary to enable him to select at request the smooth or the rough card and hand it to the parent. Ideas of shape, size, etc., may be similarly imparted, with the triple advantage that the child will daily, and without mental stress, acquire a more and more retentive muscular memory, a more intimate acquaintance with the facts of the world in which he lives, and greater observational and reasoning ability.

Meanwhile, of course, the fertilization of the child's mind should also be continued by other educative measures—as the maintenance of an inspiring environment, ready and intelligent response to the child's incessant questionings, and skillful guidance of his thoughts to subjects which it is especially desirable for him to study. Witte's system of walks and talks is particularly to be recommended in this connection. It was his custom, as may be recalled, to propound to Karl sundry interesting problems—for instance, the problem of the evolution of a loaf of bread—and then make clear to him the solution by conducting him to places where he could witness for himself every stage in the bread's making, from the sowing of the grain in the plowed earth to its transformation into meal and the subsequent kneading and baking.

Something of the same sort is possible to every parent, who can include in such voyages of discovery, if he be a city dweller, visits to botanical and zoölogical gardens, art and industrial museums, and similar institutions where his child can obtain entertainment, some insight into the workings of the laws of nature, and elementary instruction in subjects which will inevitably form part of his school curriculum at a later day.

Nor does this mean, as might be objected, that in order to make sure of results the father and mother will have to give the greater portion of their time to their child's education. An hour or so a day is all that is necessary in the way of personal instruction. What the father and mother will have to do, however, is to regulate their whole lives so that the indirect, the unconscious, instruction which the child will absorb from them—and which, in any case, means most for his future—will make for his mental and moral betterment. Always they must bear firmly in mind that, as wise old Witte used to say, "teaching begins, but example accomplishes."

THE PARABLE OF THE CRITIC

BY EUGENE BERNARD SMITH

THE car was on an up grade. Most of the passengers had got out and were pushing. Many, with their coats off, were toiling and sweating bravely. And slowly but surely they were getting ahead. Some, however, remained in the car. Part of them said there was no use in pushing, since the hill was so steep they could never get up, anyway. Others said they would help when all those pretending to push were really pushing as they ought to. But the toilers toiled on, pushing the car and those in it constantly up the hill.

The world is on an up grade. Most of her passengers are pushing faithfully, and every year finds her steadily going forward and upward. The pessimists, however, and the cynics remain seated in the car. The former say that the problems are so hopeless, and human greed so intrenched, that we are already beaten. The latter say that when the Church and those who profess to be trying to do right begin to practice what they preach, when the "hypocrites" are eliminated, they will help. Meanwhile the workers are pulling and pushing, and the world is going up the hill. But did you ever see a complainer or a knocker who was helping?

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THE SPECTATOR

THE discovery of a forgotten note-book brings vividly to the Spectator's recollection a winter evening in western North Carolina thirty years ago, when snow silvered all the beautiful green hills, and the French Broad, that belle among American rivers, was a raceway of inky water and grinding ice. The village inn was an old-fashioned farm-house sort of a building, leaking frosty air at every pore, and the office a huge, bare room with a fireplace which drew in the cold and sent nine-tenths of its heat up the chimney. An old man sat on the hearth and made room for the chilled visitor.

"This must be a pretty old house," the Spectator remarked, as he drew up a splint-bottomed chair.

"Yep," he answered; "built more'n fifty years ago."

Stooping, he lifted an oak brand and held its red coal to the bowl of his corn-cob pipe while he surveyed the questioner over his spectacles.

"Before the State pike was put through here in 1829 there was nothin' but an Injun trail along the river. The Cherokees lived over all this region then, and they used to come here to soak theirselves in the warm springs. In those days they called the river Takeeostah."

Presently young men began to drop in, until soon there was a full semicircle of neighbors, chatting, laughing, smoking, and spitting furiously at the fire, which sputtered back from green logs that must dry half an hour in the blaze before the heat would singe their slivers. At the extreme of the line sat a half-blood Indian, tall, swarthy, and brigandish, with a capacious pouch of coonskin hung over his shoulder, the tail outside for ornament. He had been hunting, but "got to see nary thing wuth shootin' at." His gun stood in the corner—an ancient rifle almost as tall as himself. The talk fell on bears and catamounts, then common enough; and it appeared from the trend of the talk that wolves were greatly dreaded by the mountain shepherds, and foxes harried hen-houses everywhere.

"My brother was a-tellin' me," drawled a young farmer, "thaat laast niight hees dawgs got to chasin' a fawx, an' run the fawx till they keeled it. Then a cu-ur dawg came up an' allowed hee'd taake the fawx away from the other dawgs, an' so he lipt in. The dawgs all lipt on to-op o' the cu-ur, an' nigh abaout chewed heem up. My brother heered the raacket and lipt up an' ran abaout half a mile, an' got theere just in time to glimpse so-omethin' whiite a-lippin' up an' a-streakin' off. The dawgs chaased the cu-ur home, an' raan heem into the poorch, an' lipt on heem aga-ain. It sca-airt the people in the house, an' one o' the bo-oys caam out an' caught one o' the houn's an' slashed his ta-ail off, an' one of his eears, with a kniife."

"Dawggawnit!" cried the hunter. "I'd 'a' felt like I'd wanted to shoot that feller."

"He must 'a' been a sinalinktum kind o' cuss, anyhow," was another's comment.

No names had been mentioned, but several present seemed to know who had been complimented by these observations, and naturally fell at gossiping about them.

"There ain't skaasely one on 'em but what drinks to excess—hit's a sort o' family trait," was the tenor of one expression. "I was up there the other day an' Joe was plumb crazy. He c'd ha'dly stan' straight—was nea'ly parallel" (*i. e.*, paralyzed?).

"We-ell," a charitable soul interposed, "hit's partly because they're so badly fixed. When folks caan't farm much they get to be no 'count. They caan't raise nothin' on that land nohow but a disturbance."

Old Uncle John came hobbling in just then, bearing an armful of snowy wood just split out of the log, each tread of his enormous feet shaking the house. He was about to enliven the dull fire by putting a lot of fine splints on top of the smoking logs—true Negro fashion—when one of the young men interfered and went at the task, the rest attacking him and his method with gibing advice. Some one gave warning that pretty soon he would open a return volley if not let alone.

"Is he pretty good at that?" the Spectator asked.

"Cuss?" answered the nearest man, proudly. "Lord, he can cuss by note!"

This original compliment visibly pleased

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the object of the praise, his flushed face relaxing into a smile of modest appreciation while he struggled with the refractory sticks, most of which were too crooked to lie still.

"I reckin dey was cut at de wrong time o' de moon," Uncle John explained in an oracular tone. "Dere's a heap in that. Ef yo' cuts yo' fyahwood in de light [*i.e.*, the full] o' de moon, hit's a-gwine to burn widout no trouble nohow; but ef yo' cuts hit in de da'k o' de moon, hit nigh about won't burn at all!"

"Why is that, uncle?"

"Dunno, sir; but hit's so, sure. I knows dat. Juss so wi' fence rails. Yo' lay a fence rail in de da'k o' de moon an' hit's gwine to sink deep in de groun', 'n' mak' yo' fence all wobbly-like; but ef yo' put down yo' bottom rail in de light o' de moon she won't settle any ha'dly, 'n' 'll stan' firm de yea' roun', I can tell ye."

"I saw old Judge Blank in Asheville yesterday," was the next remark the Spectator chanced to hear. "He's looking mighty chipper since he got his new wife; but she makes his hair curl now and then, I hear people say."

"Is not he the magistrate of whom so many good court stories are told?"

"I reckon so, but No'th Ca'lina is full of gray-headed but very worthy court stories. I did hear one the other day, however, that was new to me—mebbe some o' you fellows have heard it. A juryman over by Morganton had passed the challenge and was told to 'look upon the prisoner'—you know the regular rigmarole. The fellow stared hard at him a minute and then sang out: 'Yes, Jedge, I think he's guilty.'"

"Before Blank went on the bench," said the old man of the group, consulting his memory of ante-bellum and ante-railway days, "he used to ride this circuit as a lawyer on a favorite mule. One day, I remember, he was pleading for a chicken-thief in an out-of-the-way town, when suddenly the prisoner, his client, lit out of the log-cabin court-room, jumped on Blank's mule at the door and raced away over the hill. The magistrate exclaimed: 'The liberty-loving scamp!' Then, turning to the laughing crowd, he added, 'But he's a good fellow and he'll send the mule back'—and he did. That mule was fast, and one time Blank entered him in a race, backing the animal with heavy bets. Some fellows stole the beast out of the pasture one moonlit night and tried his paces, getting such results that they gave good odds against the mule in favor of their horses. Every one of them lost, for the mule beat all the horses."

"I can 'splain dat," cried Uncle John, who had been a grinning listener. "Dar's no use bettin' on what a mewl 'll do in de night. A hoss 'll run like de debbil by moonlight, but a mule's done skeered to try like he would in de daytime."

Retiring from this loquacious circle, the Spectator sought his room and crept into bed. How iron-like and icy were those sheets! How the window rattled! How marble-like was the moonlight on the snow-powdered floor! How hard were the knots in the rope-net under the thin feather-stuffed mattress! Sleep was shivering and fitful, but it hardly seemed morning when the door was broken open and the house-quaking tramp of Uncle John approached the bed.

"Is yo' gwine on de train?" he asked, shading the lamp with a hand like a black saddle-flap. "Ef yo' is, yo' bettah be right smart gettin' out, fer I spect's she'll be along right off now. Couldn't leave no water here las' night 'thout hit's freezin', but I'll bring yo' some direckly."

It was as "dark as the inside of an infidel" when Uncle John had departed, and to get up was even more cheerless than to stay in bed; but there was no help for it; and, despite his activity, and bite of greasy breakfast, and run through the snowy gale to the station, the Spectator did not get fairly warm till the train had carried him miles away from this region, so wonderfully charming in a more clement season.

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THE NEW BOOKS

A BOOK A WEEK

IT would take ten readers, each reading a book a week, to keep even in the main current of the spring flood of fiction; moreover, it would puzzle a critic of generalizing tendency to say which is the real main current. The old battle of realism and romance is by no means over. If he follows one stream, the reader becomes definitely of the conviction that the novelist should depict life as it is, relentlessly and without care for happy ending or glamour of any sort, and to-day he finds in Arnold Bennett or Robert Herrick or Albert Edwards the legitimate representatives of the views Mr. Howells so impressed upon us a generation ago. But then the reader comes upon a revival of the romantic in fiction so strong and captivating that one rightly decides that genius has no arbitrary law and that not theory but quality is the test of excellence.

Notable among the romancers of this recent revival is Mr. Jeffery Farnol, whose new book "The Amateur Gentleman" (Little, Brown & Co.) bids fair to rival "The Broad Highway" in popular esteem. With it may be coupled a vigorous romance by a young English writer, published, as it happens, in this country by the same house which issues Mr. Farnol's book. Mr. A. S. M. Hutchinson, whose former story, "Once Aboard the Lugger," made a slighter but still a favorable impression, takes his title from Wordsworth. "The Happy Warrior" in the poem, it will be remembered, was he of generous spirit who "plays in the many games of life that one where what he most doth value must be won."

Both Mr. Farnol and Mr. Hutchinson are literary descendants of George Borrow—neo-Borrovians they might be called; but in no invidious sense, for they have plenty of spirit and invention of their own and have followed the author of "Lavengro" only in such matters as virile love for the road, the blacksmith, and the gypsy, the prowess of the fighting man, the lure of wandering and adventure, and in some of his abrupt, unconventional methods of presenting characters and scenes.

Mr. Farnol has found even a better subject for a romance in this tale of Georgian days than in his "Broad Highway." He captures the reader's attention lightly and joyously at the outset, and briskly carries him along through adventures and surprises in and out of a crowd of characters—sports, blackguards, ruffians, villains, faithful servants, beautiful heroines, scheming roués, all of them acting all the while and talking with voluble ease—in fact, it is the chief fault of the book that (especially in its last third) there are too many people, and that they are by far too garrulous; we are under the impression that this fault was avoided in the serial publication, and undoubtedly the book would have been better if it had been trimmed a little. Barnabas, the "amateur gentleman" who gives title to the book, is the son of a prize-fighter of great renown, now an innkeeper. Barnabas inherits boundless money, resolves to go to London and become a gentleman, refuses to accept his father's order not to make a blessed fool of himself, knocks his father out in a perfectly friendly bout, and goes his way with the warmest affection on both sides; en route he rescues a lovely damsel from an unprincipled lord (who also happens to be good with his fists and is also knocked out) and has one or two more fistic encounters before he reaches London—an excess of the noble art as to quantity, perhaps, but all so gayly rather than brutally treated as not to jar the feelings of the over-sensitive. In this it is a contrast to the one great fight in "The Happy Warrior," which is distinctly trying to the haters of fighting in literature, but is a tremendously powerful and, in its way, brilliant piece of descriptive writing, better than anything of its kind since Borrow's story of the fight between the Flying Tinman and Lavengro. We must not attempt to follow Barnabas's adventures, but we may quote two definitions of a gentleman that grow out of the story's situations. The first is that of a man about town: "A gentleman is a fellow who goes to a university, but doesn't have to learn anything; who goes out into the world, but doesn't have to work at anything, and who has never been blackballed at any of the clubs." The second definition is that of a wandering preacher, and it is because Barnabas unconsciously reached that ideal in part that, after contemptuous rejection by the world of fashion, he finds happiness and love on his return to the country inn and to his prize-fighting father. Said the preacher: "A gentleman, young Sir, is (I take it) one born with the Godlike capacity to think and feel for others, irrespective of their rank or

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conditions." And further, he declares, a gentleman is "one who possesses an ideal so lofty, a mind so delicate, that it lifts him above all things ignoble and base, yet strengthens his hands to raise those who are fallen."

"The Happy Warrior" is somber in parts and tragical in ending, but it has more of real strength in dealing with motive and more of actuality in its man and woman—and of boy also, for the portrayal of the hero's boyhood is charming and happy. Essentially, however, Mr. Hutchinson is a romance writer—not a sentimentalist, but a wielder of the wand of fancy and prose-picturing. He, too, loves the outdoor life, and has given us, in place of the gypsies of Borrow and the Georgian prize-fighters of Farnol, a band of traveling boxers who show at circuses and who have much the same kind of appeal to one's love of the untrammeled life of the road and the tent. Youth and passion glow in the book; its best scenes have thrill and buoyancy. The spirit of the "happy warrior" is that of the young hero, and his pitifully causeless murder by a wretched creature he has tried to befriend draws the curtain abruptly. There is that in this fresh and manly story that promises future work in fiction-writing from Mr. Hutchinson of a solid and permanent value. In the writing there are over-florid passages, but ordinarily the narrative is clear and flowing.

Two other novels of the springtime have a strong infusion of romance and are head and shoulders above the average novel of the season. One of these, Stephen Whitman's "The Isle of Life" (Scribners), begins with a realistic and a little confused study of decadent life in Rome to-day, but, with the almost insane plunge into the Mediterranean of the very modern hero-villain from a ship's deck with the girl who has refused him in his grasp, begins a wildly improbable but strangely fascinating tale. The book has moral purpose, too, in that it works out the idea of purification of character through the strength of deep love and the opportunity of service to the ignorant and helpless. The little isle on which the abductor of this girl holds her prisoner, among a rude, semi-barbaric fisher folk, simply teems with swift-moving events, and in the fight against Camorrists, feudists, cholera, ignorance, and hatred, the decadent young Russian finds his better self, and in the end that self becomes worthy of the American girl who has hated and feared him. The other story to which we refer is Mr. John Fox's "The Heart of the Hills" (Scribners). It is true that this is a semi-historical novel of realistic intention, since it deals with the Goebel political murder and the "tobacco war;" but, to be perfectly frank, this part of the book is so poorly and faintly done that it is practically negligible; on the other hand, Mr. Fox is supremely good where he always has been, in depicting the mountain folk and the mountain country of Kentucky; his boy and girl in the opening chapters are worth ten books about industrial and political events; they have native wild grace and charm; what happens to them is vital and real because it has the touch of fancy and fervor, and we know that the author loves them.

Victorian Age in Literature (The). (Home University Library Series.) By G. K. Chesterton. Henry Holt & Co., New York. 50c.

This interesting volume might as properly be called an "Essay on Mr. Chesterton's Mind" as an "Essay on the Victorian Age." On both subjects it is alternately illuminating.

Oxford Book of Latin Verse. Chosen by H. W. Garrod. Henry Frowde, New York. $2.

To any "old grad" who has kept up his Latin this anthology of the Latin poetry of twelve centuries will prove its attractiveness for leisure moments. Its range of subjects is as wide as the interests of life. No "crib" goes with it, but a choice selection of translations and imitations limited to the four chief poets. It shows the taste of an accomplished scholar.

A Child's Book of Warriors. By William Canton. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $2.

A suggestion of the paraphernalia, a little of the manner but nothing of the illusion, of "Puck of Pook's Hill" is to be found in this compilation of legends. The warriors are not alive, they are merely galvanized.

In Beaver World. By Enos A. Mills. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. $1.75.

Careful and extended observation, a love for his subject, and the gift of writing clear and simple English—these things Mr. Mills brings to his treatment of "Beaver World." If he destroys the cherished fallacy that beavers use their tails as trowels, he offers in return information still stranger than this time-honored fiction. The volume is illustrated with excellent photographs by the author.

The Feet of the Furtive. By Charles G. D. Roberts. The Macmillan Company, New York. $1.35.

This is almost as good a title for a book of animal life stories as was Mr. Robertson's "Kings in Exile." Here the reader is told of the strategy and ambuscades of wild things

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pressed by their needs or by unusual conditions such as a great forest fire or a year of drought. The book is as readable and even dramatic as the best of the author's always excellent work in this field. Paul Bransom's drawings are capitally and truly done.

Downland Corner (The). By Victor L. Whitechurch. Henry Holt & Co., New York. $1.

Those who are familiar with Mr. Whitechurch's story "The Canon in Residence" and other more recent work know that he has the charm of quiet humor in an unusual degree. Here in a little "Downland corner" he depicts a remote village at the foot of the English great downs. A group of a dozen or more brief stories, sometimes character sketches rather than stories, renders faithfully and with intimate charm the village life, its quaint people, and what the author calls, in the local diction, its "orkadness."

New Leaf Mills (The). By William Dean Howells. Harper & Brothers, New York. $1.50.

It is delightful to enjoy once more the sincerity, simplicity, and naturalness of Mr. Howells's fiction-writing. This is not a novel in the sense of having a large field of action, elaborate construction, or detailed treatment; but one feels that the few characters are rendered with perfect truth to life, and with an underlying social philosophy which is as honest as it is gentle. The attempt of the idealist who dreams of starting a little social community around an old mill was bound in its nature to fail as a business undertaking; and, in point of fact, it did not get to the point where even the one family could make its way. But the impracticable, sweet-natured dreamer and his faithful wife, who sees his faults and loves him through them, are as clearly drawn and as good to know as any of Mr. Howells's men and women. The book is a study of human nature and an impression of life a generation ago in the Ohio region. It leaves one contented; and it is a piece of unconscious art.

Social Religion. By Scott Nearing. The Macmillan Company, New York. $1.

The Outlook has had occasion to speak highly of other books by Professor Nearing, of the University of Pennsylvania, an economist who is also a careful student of the New Testament. This volume exhibits the spirit of the Gospels in contrast with the conditions of American life, as demonstrating the necessity for a new birth of religion. It embodies an address before the Friends' General Conference in 1910, in response to the managers' request. Its statement of verified facts was received with incredulity and protest, especially by representatives of rural districts. It is certainly appalling in its truth to reality. But it does not leave the blackness unrelieved by the silver lining of visible signs of the dawn of a better day that must be hastened on. Like Professor Rauschenbusch's recent work, "The Christianizing of the Social Order," it demands serious consideration of all who deem pacific reformation preferable to reformation by hurricane.

Personality of Napoleon (The). By J. Holland Rose, Litt.D. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. $2.50.

This book is, we are inclined to think, the best, most judicial, most fair-minded estimate of this enigmatical character that we have ever read. Mr. Rose recognizes the fact that Napoleon was neither a demi-god nor a demi-devil, but a man of singular contradictions and one whose character underwent great changes in the course of his remarkable career. We recall no book quite comparable to this for giving to the student of French history a clue to the interpretation of Napoleon as the man, the warrior, and the lawgiver.

Browning and His Century. By Helen A. Clarke. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. $1.

This is a book for those already intimately familiar with the work of Robert Browning and the history of the century in which he lived. Mrs. Clarke is a careful student who brings to this difficult task not only a searching vision, but a vivifying imagination as well. Her interpretation of Browning's philosophy of love is strikingly satisfactory. It should be interesting and valuable, even for readers who care only for Browning's lyrics, to compare her view with that expressed by Professor Santayana in his volume on "Interpretation of Poetry and Religion."

Balkan War (The). By Philip Gibbs and Bernard Grant. Small, Maynard & Co., Boston. $1.20.

There will doubtless be many books written on the Balkan war. The first of them to appear is the small, handy volume, a joint work by Mr. Philip Gibbs, the London "Graphic" correspondent, and Mr. Bernard Grant, the London "Mirror" correspondent. The book is of value not so much in its chronicles of battles as in its description of what goes before the battles and what follows them—especially of what goes before, and here, particularly, of what the Bulgarians did, and did so well as to insure victory before a shot had been fired. The story of the war, as the authors tell it, whether with the army of the Cross or that of the Crescent, is a very moving, human story. Especially interesting is Mr. Gibbs's pen portrait, at close range, of King Ferdinand of Bulgaria, especially beautiful the description of the Bulgarian and Thracian country, especially impressive the account of the siege of Adrianople. Less poetic and appealing, but very terse and vivid, is Mr. Grant's portrayal of the ghastly conditions confronting the Turkish army. One may take up this little volume with a feeling that he may have read about all of it before in the newspapers; but he will be dull indeed who does not keep the book before him until every word has been read. The story of the war as recited by the authors

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is that between the Turk and the Bulgar rather than that between the Turk and the allies, and it brings the chronicle down to the storming of the Tchataldja forts. The book has one serious lack. The publishers should have provided the authors with a better map. One searches in vain on the map in the book for places mentioned repeatedly in the text. Certainly such text deserves, first, a more detailed map, and, second, one in which the spelling of proper names shall conform to that used by the authors.

Mikado's Empire (The). By William Elliot Griffis. 2 vols. Harper & Brothers, New York. $4.

This is the twelfth edition of Dr. Griffis's well-known and standard work. It includes what remains the best and most readable account of the history of Japan from the earliest times up to 1872; the record of Dr. Griffis's own experiences and observations in Japan between the years 1870–1875; and in the present form also the story of Japanese development and accomplishment from that time on to the beginning of 1912. It is certainly a work that should be in every public library, and a work also that should be read by all who are interested in the marvelous growth and gain in international importance of Japan, which is now a world power of the first order, whereas only a generation or two ago it was, in its life and traditions, partly barbarous and partly a survival of the Middle Ages.

Puvis de Chavannes. A Biographical and Critical Study by André Michel. The J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia. $1.

The mere mention of the word Ideal seems to upset certain minds. Says M. Michel, "It has been so horribly abused æsthetically, it has been burdened with meanings so widely diverse in the jargon of the schools, that it can be used only with extreme caution. As a matter of fact, all art, by its very existence, is ideal." When Puvis de Chavannes appeared on the scene, remarks this critic, people were still wrangling about the ideal in painting, meaning the scholastic idea. "Between the classics (grouped round Ingres in his old age, whom they set up on a pedestal without in the least understanding him) and the last of the romantics . . . a new generation had arisen—the realists who followed Courbet." As M. Michel shows in this interesting book, after a period of hesitation between Delacroix, representing the old, and Courbet, representing the new, Puvis found the road along which his genius was to travel. "Coming at a time when classicism had fallen into disrepute by having allowed the letter to take precedence of the spirit, Puvis . . . turned to account what the landscape painters had brought into French art, came into touch with Nature . . . and responded, just when we most needed it, to the expectations of all those who were dreaming of great destinies for our national art. . . . He restored the imagination of the French to the straight, broad road."

Geoffrey Chaucer. By Emile Legouis. Translated from the French by L. Lailavoix. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $1.50.

Lovers of Chaucer will find this criticism and appreciation of that most human of poets a delightful contrast to many of those scholarly treatises which have given us so often the dried fruit of research unsoftened by the juice of understanding. This is a very palatable book. Much of his information, of course, Professor Legouis has derived from English investigators, chiefly the eminent Professor Skeat; his conclusions, however, are very much his own. The comments upon Chaucer the man and the interpretation of the spirit of Chaucer's works found in this volume should prove interesting and enlightening to American and English readers, many of whom are already familiar with facts still news to the French public, for which the book was written. It should be added, however, that Professor Legouis has presented these facts in a compact and very readable form, and that his book has been more than adequately translated into fluent and idiomatic English. That Professor Legouis has caught the easy movement of the Chaucer verse a quotation from his version of the Prologue will show. Indeed, his sympathetic comprehension of the Chaucerian manner and spirit goes far to justify his apparently overemphasized claims concerning the spiritually exclusive kinship of Chaucer to the French nation. We have been accustomed to believe that Chaucer was very much of an Englishman, even if his craftsmanship and much of his material came from abroad. Like Shakespeare, Chaucer was great enough to be universal. Like Shakespeare, he was still English. There is room for all humanity under the ample mantle of a genuine poet. The promised, if somewhat delayed, quotation follows. The English of this passage will be familiar to all readers:

"PORTRAIT OF THE PRIORESS

Et nous avions une dame Prieure
Dont le sourire était tout simple et coi.
Son grand serment était "par Saint Eloi!"
Elle chantait très décemment du nez
Les chants divins à la messe entonnés.
Dame Eglantine (on la nommait ainsi)
Parlait français le plus pur et choisi,
Comme on le parle au couvent de Stratford,
Car le français de France ignorait fort.
Qu'elle etait donc à table bien apprise!
Jamais morceau n'échappait à sa prise
Tant savait bien le tenir en sa route
Sans qu'il en chût sur sa gorge une goutte,
Et n'enfoncait dans la sauce ses doigts.
De courtoisie elle observait les lois.
Elle essuyait si net sa lèvre haute
Que dans sa coupe on ne l'eût prise en faute
De laisser oncque une tache de graisse.
Elle rotait tout bas par politesse.
Certe elle avait mine majestueuse,
Autant qu'aimable et toute gracieuse,
Car se peinait a suivre les leçons
Et de la Cour copier les façons
Pour mériter qu'on la tint en honneur."

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"MANY INVENTIONS"

THE "MOVIE" AND SHOP EFFICIENCY

MOVING pictures have their practical uses apart from entertainment and information. "Micro-motion study" is one of the most valuable. The inventor of this method of pictorial time study of mechanical operations is Mr. Frank B. Gilbreth, whose actual applications of the ideas of the scientific efficiency system—as, for instance, in brick-laying—have already been told of in The Outlook. As described in the technical magazine called "Industrial Engineering," Mr. Gilbreth's invention consists in the use of the standard moving-picture machine in conjunction with a special chronometer or "clock." Suppose a series of pictures are taken with the usual immense rapidity, say, of a workman assembling a machine. Every one of the countless small moving-picture films contains also a picture of the clock; and thus a minute and precise measure of the time used in every movement of the workman is recorded.

The face of the clock has a single pointer which makes ten revolutions a minute around the clock's circle, and the clock's circumference itself has a hundred divisions. Hence, in the usual micro-measurement manner, the actual time during which the pointer passes over one division of the circumference is one-thousandth of a minute. Extensive use of this way of studying mechanical work has been made in the New England Butt Company's works at Providence and elsewhere, and distinctly valuable improvements resulted. The "Scientific American" tells how the machine works:

Every film reveals the successive positions of a workman in performing each minute operation of the task intrusted to him. The position of the chronometer pointer in successive films indicates the length of time between successive operations. These films are studied under a microscope, and a careful analysis of each operation is made to develop the standard time for each. The interval between the successive films in one study was a little under three one-thousandths of a minute. Obviously such accurate time studies of minute and detailed operations can hardly be made by means of a stop-watch. Fine as that study was, it can be made much finer. Chronometers can be used which make one revolution in one-thirtieth of a minute, and the dials being divided into hundredths, it is possible to obtain time studies of greater refinement than at present appear necessary. "Micro-motion study" is the name which has been given to this method of recording and studying minute motions or parts of motions. The film is far more than a record of time. In the discussion before the American Society of Mechanical Engineers, it was pointed out that it will serve as an instruction card which may be enlarged and passed from workmen to workmen to teach the best methods of doing work. A film shows a workman not only what to do, but how to do it to the last detail, and, therefore, teaches him what printed instructions and books can never impart adequately. It also shows him the time which the most skilled workingman required for a given piece of work, and which can be equaled if that workingman's motions are mimicked.

Any workman may, for a time, deceive an inexperienced efficiency engineer by "soldiering." But the camera cannot be deceived. The film records faithfully every movement made, and subsequent analysis and study reveals exactly how many of these movements were necessary and how many were purposely slow or useless. Hence by the elimination of the useless movements a most economical method of performing a given piece of work can be attained.

GOOD OUT OF RATTLESNAKE RANCHES

One invention often makes necessary another. Some years ago a Californian by the name of Hammon, who has been called the "Dredger King," invented a wonderfully powerful dredge for use in the gold fields. These enormous dredges move along over land and over water. They take up enormous quantities of soil and gravel, sift them, get out all the gold in them and leave behind a wake of boulders and soil. For the purpose of gold extraction these "gold ships" are marvelous, but the land dredged over becomes worthless and barren. Now some one else has invented special machinery for crushing the great stone boulders left in the wake of the dredge which could not be handled by ordinary stone-crushers. The result was described not long ago by Mr. Arthur L. Dahl in "World's Work:"

An experimental piece of track was ballasted with the new material. It soon proved to be the best track on the whole line. Soon the Southern Pacific was using dredge ballast on its lines from the Oregon boundary to San Francisco Bay. The other steam and electric railways followed suit, and the demand increased until another plant was necessary.

Then new markets were sought. Building contractors were induced to try it in the construction of concrete bridges and other structures. Soon they were as enthusiastic over the new material as the railroad men. . . . Some of the country roads in the Sacramento Valley were not as reliable as they might be. They were

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either too dusty or too muddy. After a vigorous campaign for good roads in the vicinity of one of the crushers, the dredge people finally succeeded in having the county build a stretch of roadbed, twenty miles long, leading from Sacramento to Folsom.

Soon the entire valley was talking about that roadbed, its smooth and durable surface that withstood the large motor traffic and the heavy teaming to which it was subjected. This one piece of experimental road soon grew into a system that extends over many miles of the valley.

Another permanent benefit from the rock-crushing operations was this: After the cobblestones and boulders had been removed from the land and converted into macadam, it was found that the remaining soil was deep and rich enough to place under cultivation for fruit trees and grape-vines; and soon sturdy orchards and green vineyards were supplanting the barren wastes, these former "rattlesnake ranches."

INVENTION GONE MAD

A bill has been before the House of Representatives seeking for Government aid in the preliminary work of building a dam, or jetty, from 250 to 500 feet in depth, and 200 miles long, reaching out into the broad Atlantic from the coast of Newfoundland. The "Scientific American" makes caustic comment:

Of all the foolish bills that have found their way into the halls of Congress, surely this is the most conspicuous. It is the modest purpose of the promoter of this most modest proposal to divert the Gulf Stream, and thereby bring about sweeping climatic changes in the United States, in Greenland, and over various widely scattered areas of the habitable and uninhabitable globe.

We have been asked to comment on this bill and we do so.

The "Scientific American" expresses the hope that, in the consideration of the scheme, the gift of imagination will be so mercifully tempered by the saving grace of humor that the measure will be given an early burial, with such obsequies as, in the opinion of the House, are becoming to its dignity and importance.

A GREAT MEDICAL DISCOVERY

The value of the anti-typhoid treatment invented only a few years ago has been demonstrated by the United States army. In an address at New York recently Major Russell, an army surgeon and professor of bacteriology in the Army Medical School, told the story. He said, in part:

In 1909 we began the treatment, after submitting the matter to a board of officers, as we desired the support of the medical profession of the country. . . . But volunteers for the experiments were not readily obtained. The vaccine was first tried on the laboratory staff. Then the medical officers in Washington, their wives and children, offered themselves as subjects, and some of the private physicians, and in 1911 practically every garrison had been vaccinated.

Not until the troops were mobilized in Texas for the maneuvers, however, was the rule for vaccination with the anti-typhoid vaccine made compulsory. Sixty thousand doses were served to the troops in Texas and on the border, each man being inoculated three times, the entire treatment covering a period of twenty days. Although the soldiers mingled with the people of San Antonio and other cities where sanitary conditions were not always of the best in food supplies, water, or surroundings, and where typhoid prevailed as a general thing, there were few cases in the army, whereas in the Spanish-American War one-fourth to one-third of the men were affected.

In 1901, with 26,000 troops, there were 250 cases of typhoid and 17 deaths. During the present year, with 58,000 troops, the largest number under experiment, and used as comparison with any previous year, there were only 15 cases and 2 deaths from typhoid.

FOR PURE WATER

Any improvement in dealing with surface water supply that is subject to pollution deserves to be chronicled. Says the "Journal of the American Medical Association:"

Hypochlorite is being increasingly used as a disinfecting agent in connection with polluted water supplies. Recently obtained data from a number of cities in the United States and Canada which have been employing the hypochlorite treatment for considerable periods, including Terre Haute, Cedar Rapids, Montreal, Grant's Pass, Ore., Baudette, Minn., Nashville, Cincinnati, and Danville, Ill., show a marked reduction in the number of bacteria in the city water after inauguration of hypochlorite treatment. North Yakima, Wash., Council Bluffs, Ia., Cleveland, Erie, Pa., Toronto, Baltimore, Evanston, Ill., Minneapolis, Omaha, Jersey City, and Kansas City, Mo., are among the cities where a noteworthy reduction in typhoid fever has followed the use of hypochlorite. In Cleveland, for instance, the reported deaths from typhoid fever in the four years 1907–1911 (October to June) numbered, respectively, forty-six, fifty-two, sixty-six, and sixty-five. In September, 1911, the hypochlorite treatment was begun, and for the eight months, October 1, 1911, to June 1, 1912, only twenty-eight deaths were reported. In Jersey City the average death rate from typhoid for 1905, 1906, and 1907 was 18.5, while for the three years following the use of hypochlorite, 1909–1911, it was 9.6. In Minneapolis there were thirty-nine deaths in the ten months before hypochlorite, and two deaths in the ten months immediately following its use. Such facts as these establish the high value that may attach to hypochlorite treatment of water under proper conditions. While no experienced sanitarium can regard the use of this chemical as a panacea, there is no doubt that it has added greatly to our resources for dealing with a polluted water supply, particularly under emergency conditions and pending the installation of a permanent system of purification.

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BY THE WAY

A message of victory that may perhaps outlast the memory of the victory itself, "We have met the enemy and they are ours," is brought vividly to the Nation's attention through the raising of the sunken ship Niagara, from which the message was sent by Commodore Perry in 1813. The ship, refitted, will be used in the Perry centennial celebration this summer.

Aviators must have a nice eye for altitude in Massachusetts, or they will be liable to arrest by the officers of the law when they come to earth. A law of that State now forbids aviators to fly over ships at less than 100 feet higher than the top of the highest mast, over a city at less than 3,000 feet, over persons driving horses at less than 300 feet, and over farm animals at less than 200 feet.

That most thrilling sight of a big city, the fire-engine drawn by galloping horses tearing through the streets, with accompaniments of steam, smoke, and red-hot cinders, is soon to be a thing of the past in New York. No more horses are to be bought by the Fire Department. Motor engines are henceforth to be used. Lovers of fine, well-cared-for horses will sigh at the passing of the New York City fire horse.

One of the few remaining originators of the "underground railroad" of slavery times recently passed away—Harriet Tubman, once a slave and always a fighter for freedom. She piloted more than 300 slaves to liberty, and several States added to her fame by offering large rewards for her capture.

The new military tax in Germany will, it is reported, fall most heavily on a woman—the heiress of the Krupp estate, who will pay on a fortune of $56,000,000. A man unknown to fame, outside of his own country at least, is the next heaviest loser by the tax—Prince Henckel Donnersmark, whose fortune is put at $50,800,000. The Kaiser will pay on an estate valued at $29,600,000.

The possessor of a violin marked inside "Antonius Stradivarus Cremonensis, Faciebat Anno 1721," might almost as well, according to a newspaper paragraph, have a plain, unlabeled instrument. "The false Strads," it is asserted, "are not really forgeries; it has grown so that the mark carries no deceit [to the initiated], and is known to the whole instrument trade as meaningless." But what a comment on the old commercialism that affixed these labels as a matter of course!

President Wilson may be compared to Napoleon in one respect—he can sleep at any time when he needs sleep or finds it convenient. In another respect the Emperor had the advantage over the President; Napoleon cared only for four hours' sleep, while President Wilson has stated that he requires nine hours' sleep to keep himself in the best trim. The Capital, it is to be feared, will prove less favorable to this regimen than Princeton.

A new definition of that much-defined word, optimist, is credited to an East Indian newspaper: "An optimist is a man who doesn't care what happens just so it doesn't happen to him."

In a questionnaire as to linguistic sensibility, now being conducted by a Western university, the relative offensiveness of certain words and expressions is a subject of inquiry. Among "mispronunciations," with *colyum*, *artchitect*, etc., the word *coupon* with the sound of *oo* is included! The critic wishes us to say *cyupon*. Perhaps this orthoepic mix-up is due to a misreading of the diacritical marks in a popular dictionary which respells coupon "cūpon," but in which ū is intended to convey the oo sound.

Constantinople has apparently resolved to be "good" again and to invite the visits of tourists and other possessors of the nimble piaster. Despatches announce that a party of 600 Americans who recently visited the city were received with every consideration and courtesy.

The department store has a new section—that of art criticism! An advertisement of women's wear published in the New York papers has this incidental divertissement, so to speak: "Call it Cubism or Post Impressionism or Futurism or any name you will, the thing exists in every realm that art can touch. In some cases it is a striving for a newer and simpler way to express feeling; in others it is an attempt to express the idea of power and motion; in every case it is the effort after freedom from conventional ideals and conventional methods."

Though many critics recognize some elements of power as well as of originality in the work of the Futurists, Cubists, etc., the following words from an article by James Huneker in the March "Metropolitan" will strike the majority of readers as refreshing: "Artistically, I would not exchange Vermeer's 'Letter' in the Rijks Museum for a million miles of paintings by the new men."

Caleb Cushing, one of the American counsel at Geneva when the Alabama claims were arbitrated, was, according to a recent magazine article, a remarkable linguist. He made his argument before the tribunal in fluent French; he replied in Italian to a question asked in that language; and when Lord Cockburn objected to this, Cushing replied that while French was the official language of the tribunal, he was willing that the argument should be continued in any language that Lord Cockburn might select, not excepting Chinese!

Always there is some improvement, apparently, to be made in our common tools. A contributor to a mechanical journal says that the ordinary screw-driver breaks out the edges of the slot of a screw, so that it cannot easily be unscrewed, because it is beveled. A screw-driver, he says, should have a flat, unbeveled working end, not a knife-edge, in order to avert this trouble.

"When nature takes a ruin," says Robert Hichens in the "Century," apropos of a trip to the old city of Spalato in Dalmatia, "she usually glorifies it, or touches it with a tenderness of romance. But when people in the wine trade lay hold upon it, hang out their washing in it, and establish their bakeries and their butcher's shops in the midst of its rugged walls, . . . the ruin suffers, and the people in the wine trade seem to lose in value instead of gaining in importance."

Belfast, Ireland, is in "the largest in the world" class. It has the largest flax-spinning works, the largest dock (the only one in the world which can accommodate the Olympic), and the largest rope manufactory. It also claims the somewhat doubtful honor of possessing one of the largest distilleries in the world.

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